THE ROYAL

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No. 28. Vol. V.—February, 1901.

Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON Ltd., London, W.C.

That Good Digestion may wait on Appetite and Health on Both.

TAKE

BEECHAM'S PILLS

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

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TWO ROCKS.—'The bedrock of unflinching principle, and bedrock of illimitable COMMON SENSE.'—*Rosebery.*

'Let us have faith that makes right, and in that faith let us to the end DARE to do our DUTY as we UNDERSTAND IT.'—*President Lincoln.*

FOR SOME WISE CAUSE

IT IS THE LITTLE THINGS THAT RULE THIS LIFE,

OR, IN OTHER WORDS:—

'Sow an Act, and you Reap a Habit;
Sow a Habit, and you Reap a Character;
Sow a Character, and you Reap a Destiny.'

—THACKERAY.

'And such is human life, so gliding on;
It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone!'

MORAL:—

'In Life's PLAY the Player of the Other Side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always Fair, Just, and Patient, but we also know to our cost that he never overlooks a Mistake. It's for you to find out WHY YOUR EARS ARE BOXED.'—*Huxley.*

HOW TO AVOID THE INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF STIMULANTS.

THE PRESENT SYSTEM OF LIVING—partaking of TOO RICH FOODS, as PASTRY, SACCHARINE, and FATTY SUBSTANCES, ALCOHOLIC DRINKS, and an INSUFFICIENT AMOUNT of EXERCISE—frequently deranges the liver. I would advise all bilious people, unless they are careful to keep the liver acting freely, to exercise great care in the use of alcoholic drinks, avoid sugar, and always dilute largely with water. EXPERIENCE shows that porter, mild ales, port wine, dark sherries, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandies are all very apt to disagree; while light white wines, and gin or old whisky largely diluted with pure mineral water charged only with natural gas, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' is PECULIARLY ADAPTED for any CONSTITUTIONAL WEAKNESS of the LIVER; it possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health. A world of woes is avoided by those who keep and use ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Therefore NO FAMILY SHOULD EVER BE WITHOUT IT.

INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, SICKNESS, etc.—"I have often thought of writing to tell you what 'FRUIT SALT' has done for me. I used to be a perfect martyr to Indigestion and Biliousness. About six or seven years back my husband suggested I should try 'FRUIT SALT.' I did so, and the result has been marvellous: I never have the terrible pains and sickness I used to have; I can eat almost anything now. I always keep it in the house and recommend it to my friends, as it is such an invaluable pick-me-up if you have a headache or don't feel just right.—Yours truly,

"————— (August 8th, 1900)."

THE WAR.—Extract from a letter received from a Corporal, 1st Rifle Brigade, Vaal Krantz Hill, Natal: "I am pleased to be able to tell you I am in excellent health, owing, I believe, to my taking 'Eno's Fruit Salt,' which I was able to buy some time back. It is very dear here, but I think the money well spent."—February 13th, 1900.

The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' on a DISORDERED, SLEEPLESS, or FEVERISH condition is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

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Tailor-designed Reefer Coat and full-wide Skirt. Made in Cheviot Serge or Costume Coating. **10/6** Costume Price, complete, 10/6; carriage 6d. Skirt alone 5/6; carriage 5d. Handsome Toque, as sketch, 8/11; carriage 6d.

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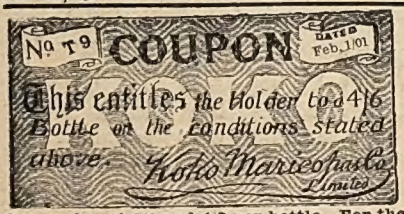
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Orders may be sent with this Coupon after the expiration of date, providing we are then issuing these trial bottle Coupons; and if we are not, the money will be returned. This Coupon will be received at 16, Bevis Marks, E.C., or 13, Regent Street, W., and **2/-** only will be required when presented personally. **Koko is sold by all Chemists, Stores, &c., at 2/6 and 4/6 per bottle. For the sake of extra profit, you may be asked to try some other Hair preparations instead. In justice to yourself and to us, kindly insist on having KOKO.**

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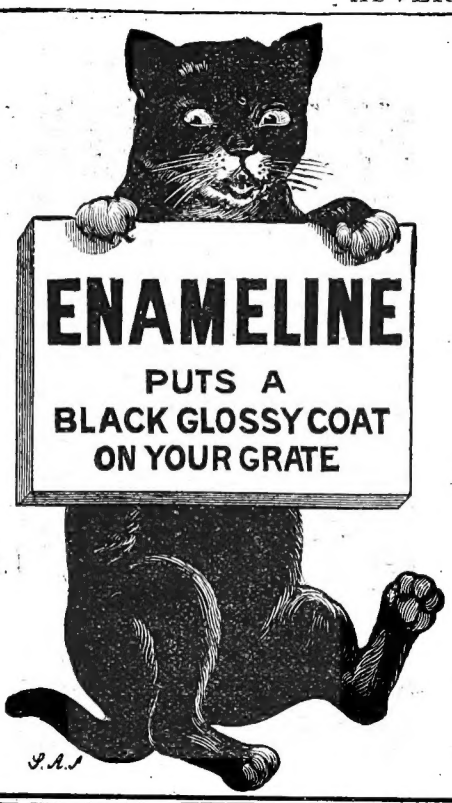

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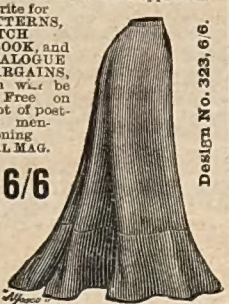

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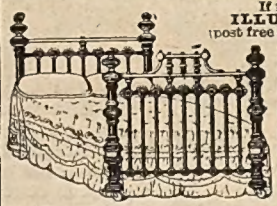

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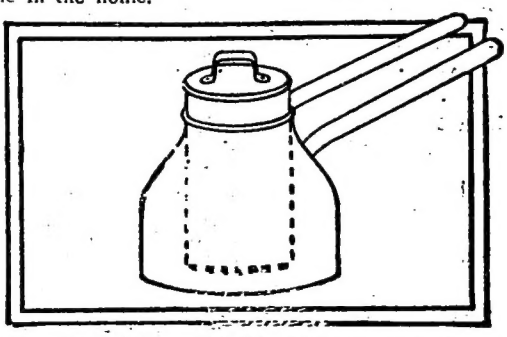

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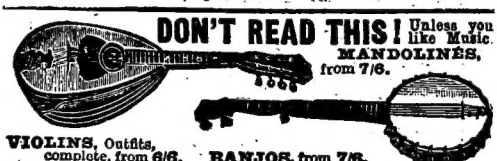

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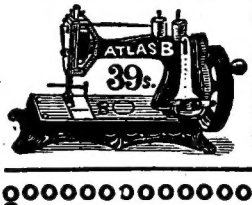

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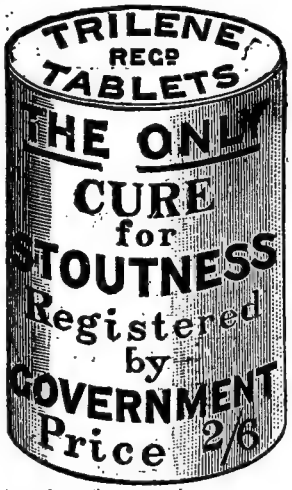

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An ENGLISH COUNTESS writes:
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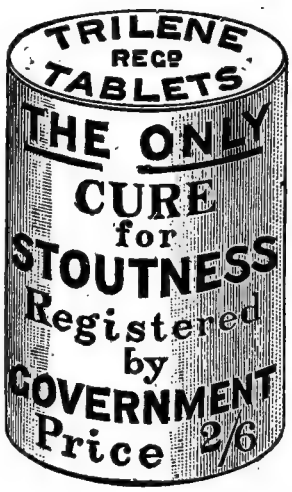
Send 2s. 6d. to Mr. M. Wells, The Trilene Association, 66, Finsbury Pavement, London.

An Interesting Book on Obesity accompanies each Box.



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Countess Seckendorff, of Berlin, writes: "I have taken Tablets with success, and am recommending them to friends."

Mrs. Drew, of 1, Bellevue Gardens, The Nursery, Devizes, writes: "I took Tablets some years ago; they soon reduced me, and I have not got stout since. Send a box for my mother."

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Mrs. Darnley Smith, of Landscove Vicarage, Ashburton, writes: "Trilene Tablets have reduced my weight very much. I am so much lighter in every way, and better in health."

"87, Alexandra Road, Norwich, 19th Oct, 1896.

"GENTLEMEN,—In reference to Trilene Tablets, I may say that my wife found the greatest possible benefit from the use of them, and their action was rapid, as my wife was for many years growing too stout, but the Tablets soon reduced the same completely.

"Yours faithfully, **J. R. Canham.**"

Princess Liechtenstein of Landsberg, Austria, writes: "Pray send me your Tablets directly."

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Extract from "The Lady," 3rd Sept., 1896: "Many stout persons have suffered untold agonies in unavailing efforts to reduce their bulk, either by means of severe dieting or by taking more or less deleterious drugs; but all these pains would have been saved if they ha only invested in a case of the wonderful Trilene Tablets, which are guaranteed absolutely harmless, containing neither mercury, arsenic, nor any other mineral poison, and which are an unfailing Cure for Obesity."

Mrs. T. Boston, Cambridge Villas, Clifford Street, South Wigston, says: "I congratulate you on your wonderful Tablets. My weight at first starting them was 11st. 7lb., and I now weigh 9st. 11lb."

Mrs. Fenton, 11, Wood Street, Tyldesley, writes: "Been fat all my life, but now your Tablets tell a tale. I have lost 17lb. already, and am delighted. Suffered untold trouble previously, but now do my work with pleasure."

Mrs. Boulton, of Filton Laundry, Filton, Bristol, says: "I am much better, my heart more regular; also Tablets reduced me greatly round hips and stomach."

Mrs. C. Sharp, of Grange Farm Cottage, Wellingborough, says: "Your Tablets have made me very much thinner. All my friends notice the great reduction in weight."

West Cornforth, Ferryhill.

Mr. William Usher says: "A sister of mine, who was 17st., was greatly reduced by your Tablets to 15st."

"77, Hindhill Street, Heywood, 5th February, 1898.

"GENTLEMEN,—Your Tablets work wonderfully in curing obesity. I have not quite finished the box, and am 21lb. lighter. The change is so great that several friends have begun the treatment, which not only reduces fat, but strengthens rheumatic joints—at least, such has been the case with me. "(Signed) **M. A. Heywood (Miss).**"

Mrs. Weaver, of Greenpits Villa, Station Road, Ross, Hereford, says: "I wish to say I have been reduced from 13st. 8lb. to 11st. by your Tablets, and can recommend them highly. You can use this publicly if you wish."

G. A. Gale, Esq., of Bothenhampton, Bridport, says: "Tablets most beneficial, and greatly reduced my weight. I feel better generally."

Father T. M. Byrne, of Holy Cross Abbey, Sligo, writes: "When I began your Tablets I was 12st. 5lb.; I now scale at 10st. 11lb.—my case, too, is hereditary."

Mrs. Mary Williams, of Old Yard, near Bedol, Bagillt, Wales, writes: "I have lost 28lb., and will do my best to make them known."

Miss Patient, of Woodberry, Theydon Bois: "Feel great benefit from Tablets. I have lost 2st., and am sufficiently reduced."

Mrs. James Smith, of Cowell Terrace, Soham, says: "Your 2s. 6d. box of Tablets reduced my weight 12lb."

Mrs. Crossley, of Rose Hill, Torver, near Coniston, says: "There is a very decided diminution of fat. I am delighted. I cannot praise Tablets too highly. My heart is better, and I can breathe so much easier. You may refer to me as often as you like."

Mrs. W. A. Radford, High Street, New Brinsley, Eastwood, says: "Before taking your Tablets, I was 46in. round waist. I am now 32in., and can get about in comfort, and hope soon to be 24in. You may use this as you please."

THE TRILENE ASSOCIATION, 66, FINSBURY PAVEMENT, LONDON.

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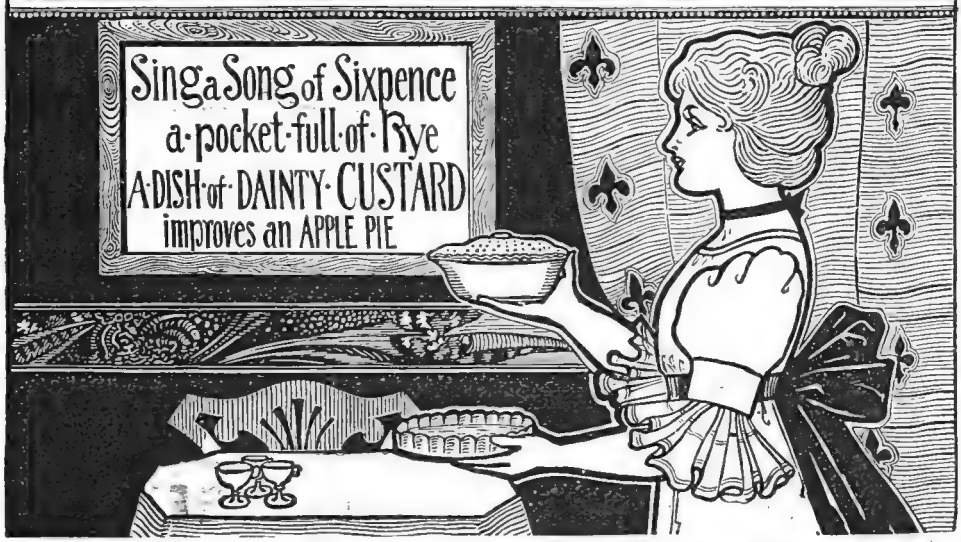

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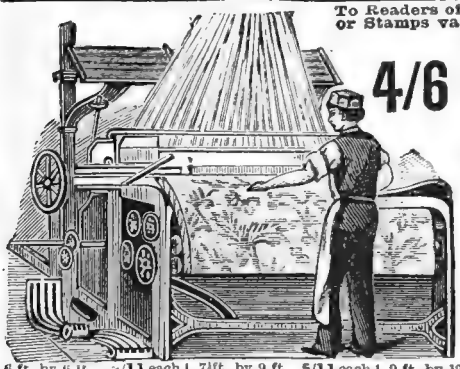

4/6

To Readers of "The Royal Magazine," 1/2/1901, on receipt of Postal Order or Stamps value 4/6 (Regd.), we will send you the **Largest Genuine Reversible Carpet in Brussels Finish, with Rug**, ever sold at the Price direct from the Looms to any address on receipt of amount. Suitable for drawing room, dining room, bedroom, &c., bordered and woven in Brussels Patterns, as an advertisement for our goods, thus saving any middle profit. Remember these are woven, and are made of a material almost equal to wool. **Thousands of these Carpets have been already sold at double these prices.** *Cut this out.*

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6 ft. by 9 ft....	4/9 „	9 ft. by 10½ft.	8/6 „	9 ft. by 15 ft. ...	12/6 „	12 ft. by 15 ft. ...	15/9 „
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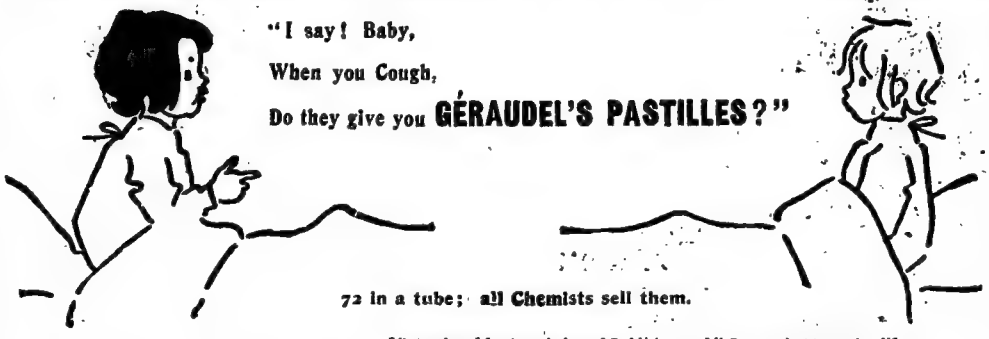

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GERAUDEL'S FOR CHILDREN.

The admirable drawing reproduced above, which originally appeared in PEARSON'S MAGAZINE, and which is now utilized by permission as an Advertisement of Géraudel's Pastilles, allows of attention being called to the fact that Children often cry themselves hoarse, in which case Géraudel's Pastilles are the very best thing that can be given them. From their earliest age children should be habituated to the use of Géraudel's Pastilles, as through their childish carelessness, which is of course natural, they expose themselves to draughts, humidity, etc. Moreover, their respiratory apparatus is more likely than at a later age to receive the germs of colds, which may perhaps later on develop into bronchitis, laryngitis, and other throat, lung, and bronchial troubles. The use of Géraudel's Pastilles for children is an excellent thing from every point of view, as they are thus safely preserved from miasmus, microbes, draughts, the effects of inhaling dust, etc. Above all things, they are preserved from the evil effects of breathing in damp air, fogs, and mists, which are dangerous to all, but especially to young children.

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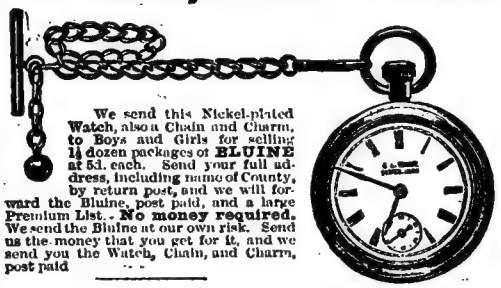

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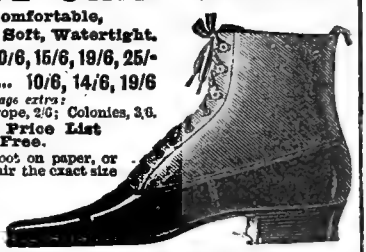

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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OUTSIDE COVER designed by S. Nation.

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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

Cases for the first three half-yearly Volumes of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE are now ready, and can be obtained at the Publishing Office, price 1/- each, or post free, 1/2.

Bound Volumes of the first and second six months are also ready, price 3/6 each, post free, 4/-; third and fourth six months, 4/- each, post free, 4/6.

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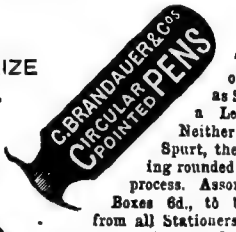

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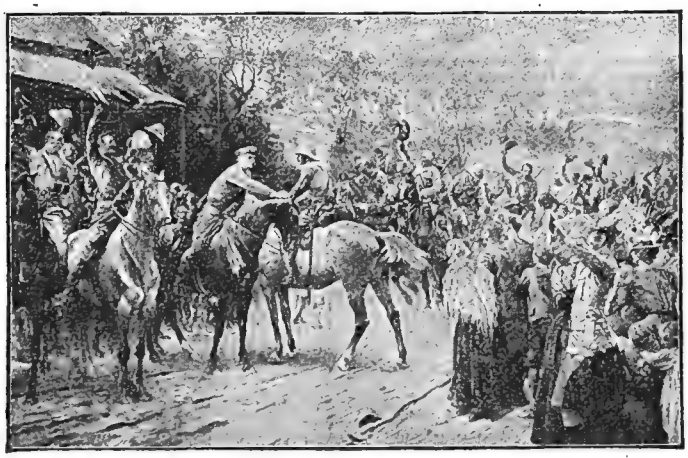

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IT WAS AUBREY MAITLAND WHO WAS UNDERNEATH IT, AND I HAD SHOT HIM DEAD.

(See page 361.)

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Photo by Lambert Weston & Son.

The Art of the Camera

By Roderick Grey.

"Waste not, want not."

Nothing in this world ought to be wasted. Waste products are the bane of some great industries, whilst, on the other hand, the advantageous use of waste products has proved the salvation of more than one big business.

The amateur photographer, in his humble way, has many opportunities for turning waste products to a profitable use. Of course, I scarcely mean by "profitable" saleable. But I do mean that, instead of filling the waste-paper basket with it, he can make good use of that which he was inclined to regard as waste. The amateur who uses a Kodak must more than once have regarded the throwing away of the black film backing as so much waste. Possibly he may have wondered if there was any good use to which it might be turned.

My answer is that there is, particularly for the amateur who makes a specialty of lantern slides. To begin with, the backing may be used for making lantern slides in the following way:—The paper is cut to the size of the slide, namely 3¼in. by 3¼in., and the size of the desired opening carefully marked out. This piece is then cut out on a slab of glass, an old negative answering well, to insure a clean cut. The mask is then sandwiched between the transparency and plain glass in the usual way.

A second use for the opaque packing is for obtaining a black margin on a print, which in some cases is very effective and helpful to the spirit of the picture. To do this, measure the exact size you wish your picture to appear, and cut the piece out of your backing paper. Having made your print, this latter is then placed over it, and the two are put on a piece of clear glass in a printing frame, the border being allowed to blacken in a strong light.

Winter Photography.

Short days and long evenings are still with us, and there is a considerable limitation to what a photographer can do. A great many amateurs proceed to develop and print the pictures they have secured during the summer months. Developing at night has advantages, perhaps, over developing in the daytime. Some rough and ready dark

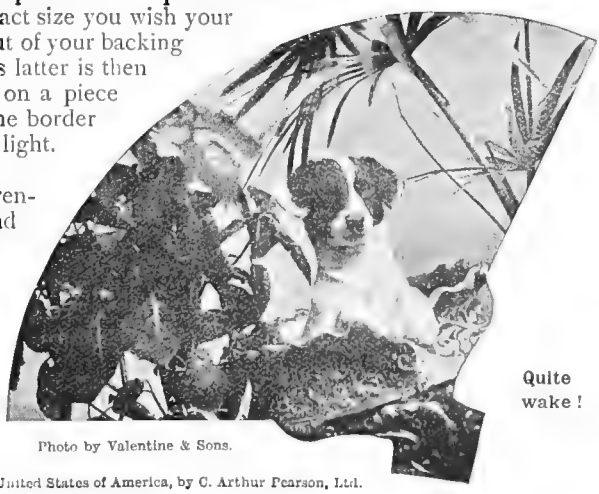

Photo by Valentine & Sons.

Quite wake!

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Photo by W. & D. Downey.

HARMONY.

Google

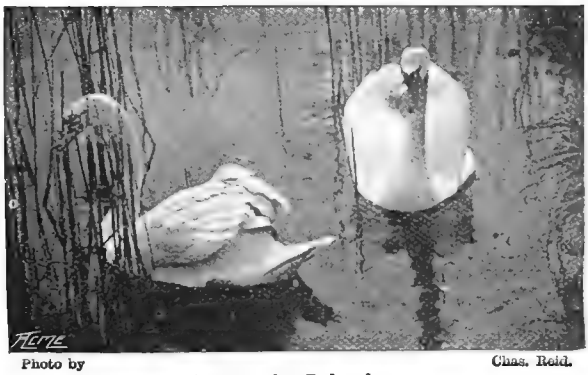

Photo by Chas. Reid.

Among the Bulrushes.

rooms are quite serviceable at night, but of little use during the day.

In the matter of printing there are several gas-light papers on the market that are simple and easy of manipulation. Indeed, the effects to be attained with some of these papers are really beautiful. They are almost more than mere rivals of the daylight printing-out papers.

But the advent of the long evening and the short winter day by no means necessitates the abandonment of the camera. There is such a thing as flash-light photography.

I can almost hear my various readers mutter all sorts of ejaculations against flash-light photography. Visions of screwed, blinking faces, with extremely white features and no eyebrows, and heaps of jet black shadow possibly arise. I know the sort of photos that they mean.

But a picture can be made with the flash-light; and a really artistic picture that could scarcely be treated otherwise than by flash-light.

A Lamplight Effect.

TAKE a room and a man or woman seated at a table, upon which is a lamp with a big shade. We all know the beautiful effect of such a picture. The Dutch artists have shown us, with paint and by brush, what beautiful lights and shadows there are. The camera, too, can tell the story, and if not with any wealth of colour, at least with much excellent effect. Take your subject, and having seated him or her at the table reading, writing, sewing, or what not, place the lamp so that the light from under the shade falls as artistically as you can manage to make it. Then hang some 4ins. or 5ins. of magnesium ribbon inside, under the shade. When every preparation has been made, uncap your lens and light the magnesium ribbon.

The result ought to be most charming.

Photo by Ramsden, Leicester.

January.

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You will have your strong light cast on the sitter and on the various articles lying near by on the table. Moreover, the lighting will appear to be thoroughly natural, and not, as often happens, obviously from some light other than the lamp. The background, too, will be lost in the gloom, which would in the ordinary course be found in such circumstances. Altogether there is plenty of scope for artistic feeling and originality.

Photo by Lambert Weston & Son.

A Cherub.

Mounting Highly-Glazed Photos.

I AM free to confess that I am one of those who think that a brilliant surface to a print adds immensely to the general effect of a photograph. At the same time I have frequently experienced a difficulty in mounting my prints. Yet mounting glossy prints without losing the gloss may be easily effected. After fixing and washing the prints, they should be immersed in a solution consisting of one part formaline, four parts water. Then rinse in two or three changes of water, squeegee on to ferrotype or glass in the usual manner, and dry. After stripping the print off, apply to the back of the dry print starch-paste or other mountant, which can be rubbed down on to the mount with a piece of blotting-paper. When it is

Photo by John Coath.

By the Sea.

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Photo by Madame Lidlie Charles.

ATTENTION !

Google

Photo by Madame Lallie Charles.

THE LITTLE GUTTER-SNIPE.

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Photo by C. F. Inston.

Buying Fish.

thoroughly dry, the surface of the photo will be almost, if not quite, the same as when it left the ferrotype. The print may be immersed in water for mounting if desired, and it will still retain a large proportion of its gloss. Should any fluff from the blotting-paper adhere to its surface, it can easily be rubbed off when the photo is thoroughly dry.

Waxing Prints. It has often been advanced against photographs that they fade or grow spotty. Insufficient washing is, as a general rule, the primary cause. Still, apart from the question of washing, there is a great deal to be said in favour of waxing a print. It has been proved many times that the life of a silver print is greatly lengthened by keeping it from the air. There are many ways of doing this—among others, airtight frames, varnishing, and finally waxing. This last-named process is very simple, but extremely effective. The following is an excellent method: mix equal parts of white wax and spirits of turpentine by putting them in a jar and standing it on the hob for a short time. Now, when the mixture is cold, take a perfectly clean piece of flannel, and with it smear the wax across the print. This must be done carefully, and be sure not to put too much wax on. Having completed this part of the operation, make another piece of flannel into a pad, with which you polish the surface with a light and circular motion until it is quite glossy once more. This gloss protects the print from the air.

An Anecdote. A CONTEMPORARY tells the following story:—"During an audience held by the Austrian Emperor at the palace overlooking the Danube, a Magyar blacksmith approached him, and, drawing from his pocket two photographs, asked for the signatures of the Emperor and Empress. 'The Empress is not here,' said the Emperor, 'and I have neither pen nor pencil.' 'I have brought a pencil with me,' said the smith. The Emperor did as his subject wished, and handed back the photograph. But the smith making no attempt to retire, the Emperor said: 'Is there anything else I can do for you?' 'Yes, I am waiting for my pencil.' The Emperor searched his pockets, found that he had appropriated it, and then returned it with a laugh."

Photo by J. M. Bathgate

A Masterpiece.

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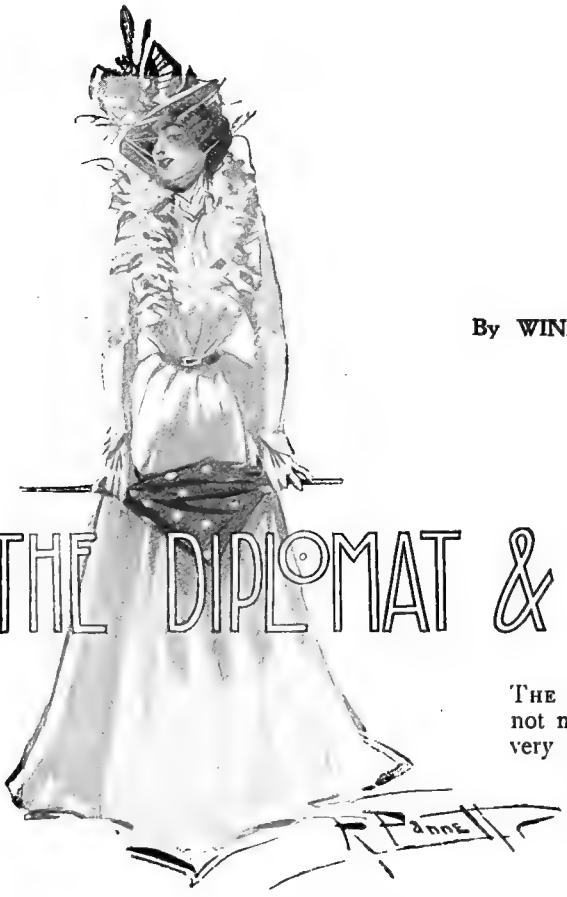

By WINIFRED BOGGS.

Illustrated by R. Pannett.

THE DIPLOMAT & THE DIMPLE

THE Chief had left me in possession. I do not mean to imply that I am one of those very unwelcome gentlemen "put in" by a creditor, or that I was at liberty to make hay among the Head of the Department's private papers, and inveigle from locked drawers, secrets of national importance, but simply that, during his temporary absence on urgent matters of State (there *was* a cricket match at Lord's), I was in charge. The chairs were not as comfortable as they might be; the cupboard with the whiskey was locked, and the cigars were not to be found—a condition of things I mean to alter when *I* become a diplomat—but by putting my feet on the table (and upsetting the ink) I managed to get tolerably comfortable.

I then fished my French novel out of its hiding-place—French was one of the few things I'd had to mug up that came in useful; that novel would have been considerably calmed down in the English version. It gave a good idea of Parisian life; I made up my mind that when I became Chief of Department important matters of State would frequently take me over to that gay city. There is no place like Paris to enjoy oneself in, and the happy-go-lucky society described in the book is just the society I like best.

The tale was about a silly young chap getting fooled by a woman—I'd like to see one that would fool me!

I finished the book, and for lack of employment completed a report I was copying. Then I began to meditate. I thought of all sorts of things, some of them jolly clever ones, I can tell you. It was a slack day, and I felt pretty sure of being undisturbed. The Chief—whose manners aren't up to much—had as good as said before he left, that *any* fool could stew in the office for the rest of the afternoon, as the only thing to be done was to give Mr. Gudelane, if he called, the paper with the red seal, being careful to lock the box again, as it contained the plan of the new gun-boat, which was unique in its way, and would probably be accepted by the Government if the inventor's terms were not too exorbitant. There was a rival man in the business, but though his terms were lower, his invention was less perfect in one particular. He had tried hard to find out where the other man excelled, but the chief was not *that* sort, and he must have seen it was no good coming to *me*. Unless he hit on the same idea as the other chap, his plan was knocked out. The word for opening the lock was "cherry." I wondered why it wasn't "wicket."

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Sir William didn't give me much show, but all the same I really think he was beginning to realise I was a smart young chap. What a good time I would have when I got to the top!

Mr. Gudelane came in and interrupted my dreams of the future by demanding his papers. I blessed him in my heart, but fished out the dusty old box, and turning the lock round to "cherry," gave him the desired documents. He was an influential sort of Johnny, so I did the civil in my best manner, but he didn't stay long. I was on my knees, preparing to shut the box when the telephone bell started ringing violently. "Hang it!" I said, scrambling hastily up, and answering it.

"A lady to see Sir William."

"He's out—important duty—and won't be back till late," I returned.

"The lady says anybody will do. She's coming up."

"The deuce take her!" I muttered. *I* didn't want to be bothered with the Chief's old women. However, there was no help for it, so I was prepared with the newest things in bows, and a dignified smile, but when I saw the radiant vision that entered, I had hard work to recollect my part. I was glad to think afterwards that my manner did me credit.

Oh, she *was* pretty! I'm not a susceptible sort of man, but she fairly bowled me over at first sight.

"So sorry Sir William is out! What can I have the pleasure of doing for you? Terribly hot weather, isn't it?" I panted out, rushing for a chair.

She was dressed all in white fluffy stuff, with a sort of trainy, crinkly thing all round, don't you know; she'd a white hat, white veil, with a white bow tied under her chin. Oh, she was a stunner, I can tell you! Quite a young girl, with lovely pink cheeks, goldenny hair, and a mouth just like cherries, so red—and—tempting. I wondered if she was engaged. I *did* hope not!

"Thank you so much!" she said with a heavenly smile, and such a bewitching dimple came at the corner of her mouth; not one of that sort of dimple that Dr. G., the beauty specialist, puts in at five guineas a dimple, like my sister—the fashionable one—had made, and then said she'd fallen off her bicycle and chipped the bit off against the pavement; other girls' brothers might swallow that fairy tale, I didn't. No, my lady had the genuine unpurchasable article. The more you looked at her the prettier she seemed, and—*I* ought to know. She was so shy and modest, such a helpless little thing, and her eyes, they were so blue and innocent, just like a child's, and dark all round, as if she was sad! Her lashes were long and black; she looked lovely with them cast down.

"I wanted to see Sir William," she said in a pretty, hesitating way.

I *said* "I was sorry he was out."

"It was about — about — some papers he promised to send me," she said helplessly, "but perhaps he left word. I don't know what they were; something to do with my pension from my father, I suppose, but I am so stupid

I was on my knees preparing to shut the box.

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about business matters. Perhaps I can look for them?" innocently.

I could hardly help smiling at her notions of such matters. The idea of her rooting among priceless papers on her own account!

"I daresay I could find them," I suggested, resolving to take some time over the matter.

"I'm afraid I'm giving you a lot of trouble, and what are my trivial little matters in comparison with State secrets? Oh, how clever you must be, and what a head and brain to carry the affairs of nations in it! I've never seen a real diplomat before, though I have often wanted to!"

I didn't think it necessary to spoil her simple pleasure by enlightening her ignorance on the matter of my importance and actual position. Instead, I gave rather a tired smile. "It *is* rather exhausting sometimes," I confessed.

"And how strange you must feel sitting in this queer little place, ruling the world behind closed doors, as it were!"

"Oh yes, yes," I returned doubtfully, "I do. . ."

"What a dear, funny little box!" dropping on her knees beside the Chief's cash box, and preparing like some playful kitten to meddle with the papers.

"I'm sorry," I said hastily, "but I was just shutting that when you came in. It's rather important; excuse me."

She looked disappointed—poor little thing—at being thwarted in her childish curiosity. "Horrid State secrets again, I suppose," she said with a charming pout. "What was that paper with the funny drawings?"

"Oh, nothing much," I returned indifferently; "merely the plan of a gun-boat contemplated by the Government."

"How dull!" with a little grimace. She watched me with eager delight as I pushed the box away. "What a strange lock! Just like uncle's. You make it open with a word, don't you? What's yours? His was my name—Kitty."

What a sweet name—how perfectly it suited her! "This is 'cherry,'" I answered. I bit my lip as the word escaped. How careless of me! What a mercy only my pretty little lady was present!

She did not seem to note my indiscretion; her attention was already caught by some other object in the room. "Oh!" she cried dimpling all over. "What a funny little table! Do you ever have tea here? What a joke it would be!"

Dare I send out for tea? How delightful it would be to see those dear little hands playing among the tea cups; it would be just like a doll's tea party; I didn't believe she could take anything really seriously, she seemed such an irresponsible baby.

"Tea might be managed," I said cautiously, "but you must never tell anybody, you know."

She clapped her hands delightedly. "Oh may I really have tea with you here?" she cried, coming quite close to me, and in her eagerness laying her gloved hand upon my arm. I noticed it was burst in two places—the glove I mean—*dear* little bursts!

"Yes, indeed you shall," I replied, quite reckless now, capturing her hand. She didn't seem to notice, she was such an innocent trustful little darling!

"And, oh *please*, will you get me some of those chocolate cakes from Parrs'?"

Parrs was quite a long way off. "I'll send for some," I answered gazing blissfully into her eyes, "but won't Harris's do, it's much nearer?"

"Oh, no indeed," turning away with a pout, "they aren't at all the same thing there, not a bit nice!"

"Well you shall have them if I have to send to the North Pole for them," I answered tenderly, establishing her in the least uncomfortable chair. I still held her hand, and dropped on my knees beside her to pick up something from the carpet that wasn't there. She was looking very shy, and—yes, quite as if she was beginning to like me a little. The dimples were more distracting than ever. I could not forbear placing my hand upon hers, and I think she looked a little startled for the moment. I thought she was going to draw her hand away—but she didn't. She let it lie still on her lap. She really *was* a sweet confiding little creature!

She was looking very pensive; I was just going to ask her what wonderful sweet fancies were passing through that dear little head, when she said slowly: "Captain Hartman always goes *himself* to pick out my favourites for me."

"To pick out what?" I inquired blankly, hating the brute, whoever he might be, with a deadly hatred. What business had he to give her tea? Had he *no* idea of propriety?

"The chocolate cakes, of course," surprised at my density.

"Of course, if you'd rather I fetched them myself, I'll do so," I said rather unwillingly, hoping she would reply it was not at all necessary, but, on the contrary, she seemed so pleased at this proof of my devotion, that I began to regard my errand less unfavour-

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ably. "I won't be long," I said, getting up very reluctantly, "a hansom will do it in five minutes."

Great Scott, if I was caught out though!

"Oh, promise me you won't hurry the poor horse!" she cried imploringly. "It's so hot, and I belong to the Prevention Society, and it wrings my heart the way they are overworked!" tearfully. "Promise to make the man drive slowly, say you promise!" clasping my hand, and looking up at me with great pleading eyes.

I promised. I said the request did her honour. I said other things, too, but they belong to quite a side issue. The Chief is always going on about my fatal habit of digressing. "Stick to your wicket," he says, "and when your time comes, bowl straight, and don't send down wides."

Therefore, to keep to the point, I did finally get into a hansom and *did* tell the man not to hurry. I arrived back after ten or fifteen minutes laden with Parrs' famous chocolate cakes—enough to stock an army. My visitor had said they were famous, and being a lady would, of course know, but I'd always been under the impression that Harris's were considered first class, and certainly their things looked more tempting. Parrs' I considered messy; anyway, the heat had melted some of the stuff, and my suit was the sufferer. But these are trifles where a lady is concerned, and such a vision as the one who awaited me. I had bought her the largest box of bon-bons I could find. I meant to ask her if she was engaged during tea.

I couldn't see her at first when I got back, or afterwards either; as a matter of fact, she wasn't there to see. I could not understand it.

I rushed to the telephone and made enquiries. "Where has she gone—what has happened?" I demanded wildly.

The man at the other end was a fool; he did not understand; but after heated explanations on both sides, I discovered that a gentleman had called for Kitty, and that she had been obliged to go, but had left a note for me.

"Send it up, you idiot, can't you?" I snarled.

The idiot sent it up. It was very brief. "So sorry I couldn't wait," it ran, "but he called for me.—K."

"*He!*" I echoed, staring at it in frenzy, who was he? Bother him, anyway! Then the name of that Captain Hartman flashed across me. Was he her *fiancé*? I'd *fiancé* the brute if I ever got a chance!

Perhaps in one way it was as well that my dear little dimpled Kitty had gone, for the Chief turned up earlier than I expected (it had come on a regular soaker), and as a third he would have been disturbing.

"Anyone been?" he asked.

"Oh, may I really have tea with you here?" she cried, coming quite close to me, and . . . laying her hand upon my arm.

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"A—a—lady," I returned.

"What was her name?"

"Kitty," I replied unthinkingly, "And oh——!" I stopped, colouring like a fool. The Chief was staring at me.

"What?" he shouted. "Speak out, can't you? What tomfoolery is this? How dare you talk of your Kitties to me when I ask a plain question! This impertinence will be reported, sir! The lady's name?"

"She *told* me Kitty," I replied sulkily.

"Great Heavens! Am I mad as well as you and your precious visitor? What did she want? Can you tell me *that*?"

"It was something about pension papers."

"And what have I to do with pension papers? I don't keep a nursery for pensioned orphans. Why didn't she go to Sir Malden? It's not my department. What fools women are!"

I suppose the rain must have jiggered the match at rather a critical stage. It was only on such like occasions that the Chief returned with a temper the worse for wear.

"She wasn't a woman," I returned hotly. The idea of calling that sweet little girl—scarcely more than a child—a "woman!"

Sir William turned round like a gobbling turkey cock. "Didn't you say yourself, a few minutes ago, that a woman had called?" he bellowed. "What are you contradicting yourself like this for? Been up to something when my back was turned, I suppose. Out with it. Who was your visitor, and *what?*"

"I said a lady—a young lady, sir," I replied with emphasis. "She came about her father's pension papers."

"Ump! Told you her name was Kitty, did she—anything else? Forward young minx. Hoped you packed her off pretty quickly!"

"She went herself," I returned resentfully.

"Well, it's a queer business. I can see you are keeping something back, but it'll come out sooner or later; it always does. In the meanwhile get me—Good Heavens! what's this vile sticky mess I'm sitting on?"

"*Sitting* on!" I echoed blankly. I had forgotten all about those chocolate abominations I had left in his chair. It was just like the old buffer to go and sit on them. Well, I was in for it now, and no mistake.

"Yes, sitting on, *sitting on!* are you deaf as well as demented? Can't you see I'm all over the stuff! Upon my word, sir, I'll teach you and your Kitties to play practical jokes! Why, I'm—I'm a—a horrible, disgusting, loathsome spectacle! I'm all over the beastly stuff! Speak, can't you, what is it? Get it off at once, do you hear, and don't stand gaping there like a moon-struck calf!"

I sent for water and towels and sponged him down as well as I could between his dancing feats. (Oh, Kitty, Kitty!)

It was useless trying to calm him; he was quite unreasonable.

"What *is* the stuff?" he kept shouting.

"Chocolate cakes, sir," I was obliged to answer.

He was speechless. "Explain!" he spluttered at length.

"I was hungry——" I began; then I remembered that I must not own to playing truant in his absence. "Ki—— the lady left them behind by mistake," I corrected hastily.

"She came here by mistake, found *me* out, and *you* in—by mistake; told you her name was Kitty—by mistake; left her cakes behind her, equally, by—mistake. Any *other* mistakes, sir?"

"I did not notice you were sitting on them, I'm very sorry; I don't think your clothes look any the worse" (they *couldn't*), I said soothingly.

He grunted, but grew calmer. "Get me the plan of the gun-boat out of the box," he said, "I want to run my eye over it."

I did as I was bid.

"Lock the box!" he cried sharply, as I was getting up, thinking, that as he would want to return the document in a few minutes, it was hardly worth while closing the receptacle. "Will you *ever* learn discretion? In the merest trifles a diplomat must act as if the whole world were trying to rob him of his secrets. Suppose the place got on fire, that there was an alarm, burglars—anything—why, anybody coming in would be free to rifle the box of everything it contained."

"Rot!" I thought to myself; what a fussy old woman the Chief was to be sure, but I obediently locked the box. What would he say if he knew the "open sesame" had slipped from me unawares? Oh Kitty, what a lot you have cost me, you and your favourite chocolate cakes!

"Cherry"—what a pair of "double cherries," as some writer fellow says, were her lips! And her dimples!—I was lost in contemplation of those dimples till the Chief's irrascible voice recalled me to myself. "May I ask what you're mooning about?" he asked rudely.

I hurriedly closed the box and rose to my feet.

For a little space there was a blessed silence, while the Chief read the particulars

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on the plan, and I busied myself very hard over some papers.

"Ah!" he exclaimed at length in high good humour, "this is just what we want! What a pity the rival man, Priest, didn't hit on the same little idea for the cylinders, his terms were lower. Ought to do a good twenty-five knots. Priest was very keen to get the order, it would mean fame and fortune, so no wonder they are so eager. Reach me up the box, will you, Castle?"

I did as I was desired.

He began turning the letters of the lock round, while I watched him aimlessly. He turned them round more than once without result, then he grew fussy and changed them several times, but the lock remained fastened. I began to feel queer.

His face was very red when he glanced up at me. I—I—sort of felt I'd rather look at something else.

It was at a big reception, and I was talking to a lady friend.

"What the blazes have you done to this lock, you young fool, you?" he demanded furiously, "it won't open."

"Have you tried 'Cherry,' sir?" I asked nervously.

"Have I tried. . . !" Another explosion of wrath. Well I should be ashamed to say such things if I were a diplomat!

"Perhaps it's—it's—er—Kitty, sir," I blurted out; this time it was *my* face that partook of a scarlet hue.

He did not say anything—I rather wished he would, somehow—but he tried "Kitty."

"Have you any other suggestion?" he asked in more polite tones than I had ever heard him use before—I'd rather he'd been rude. A ghastly recollection flashed upon me. I fumbled nervously with my cuffs, but lacked courage to speak.

"Is it 'darling,' or 'dearest,' or any such charming word?" he asked with a sneer (I

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should be ashamed to sneer like that if I were a diplomat). Then, as I remained silent, he went on in a nasty spiteful tone, "perhaps its 'idiot' or 'fool' or—"

"It's Dimple," I broke in hurriedly. Well, the murder was out at last, but oh, how hot and foolish I felt when he looked at me with a smile!

"All would have been equally suitable, it appears," he said drily.

I got home at last, and had time to think matters over without his making me feel doubtful whether I stood on my head or my heels. I tried hard to find my Kitty and that Hardman, but without success.

I went everywhere in the hope of seeing her. I frequented the most extraordinary places; I even looked up Kitties, Catherines, and Kates in the directory, but my finds always turned out disappointments. There were such crowds of Catherines, and, besides, as a daughter of the house, *my* Kitty would not be down. It was only the chance of her being called after her mother, who was evidently a widow.

Even now I do not like to think of the sequel of that affair. You see, it and the gun-boat were mixed up together. Priest got the order, as, strange to say, he submitted a fresh plan, which was the very counterpart of the other which he underbid.

Shortly after all this had been arranged, I met my Kitty at last. It was at a big reception, and I was talking to a lady friend who knew everybody (and the things least to their credit), when my heart gave a great jump, for I saw *her*.

"Who is that lady?" I asked Mrs. Gregson excitably.

"Jane Priest, surely you must have come across her before?"

"No, that is yes, I mean. . . . Priest's daughter, I suppose, but her name is Kitty."

Mrs. Gregson stared and then laughed. "I see you and Mrs. Priest are acquaintances after all. Are you one of her numerous victims? But *why* call her Kitty?"

The room started jumping about in a most unpleasant manner. "Mrs.—Jane!" I murmured incoherently. "I'm afraid I do not understand——"

"There is nothing *to* understand. Mrs. Priest, christian name Jane, is the wife of the famous inventor of the new gun-boat; we were at school together, so I ought to know her cognomen."

"Have they been married long?" I asked faintly. Something was going round in my *head* now; daylight was breaking upon me.

"Seven or eight years," I heard as if from a long way off.

"She looks very young!" I said, sitting heavily down by my lady friend, and closing my eyes with a shiver. *Jane!*

Mrs. Gregson glanced at me disdainfully. "You men are so easily taken in!" she said with scorn. "Mrs. Priest is nearer thirty than twenty; art has its uses outside the academy."

"Oh, Kitty, Kitty, now I know why you wanted those cakes fetched from Parrs', why you belonged to the Prevention Society, why you wanted to know the name that opened the lock! In fifteen minutes a neat little copy had been made of the gun-boat. Well, after all, she was a clever girl—woman, I mean."

Then I caught Kitty's eye—hang it, Jane's, I suppose I should say—she was smiling warningly as she came towards me; her dimples (those same dimples had brought her not too scrupulous husband fame and fortune) were more maddening than ever; she had diamonds to set her beauty off now, but though her eyes were as child-like as of yore, the charm of them—and Jane—was gone for me. I turned and fled.

It's rough luck on the other inventing beggar, but, oh, thank *Goodness*, the Chief doesn't know!

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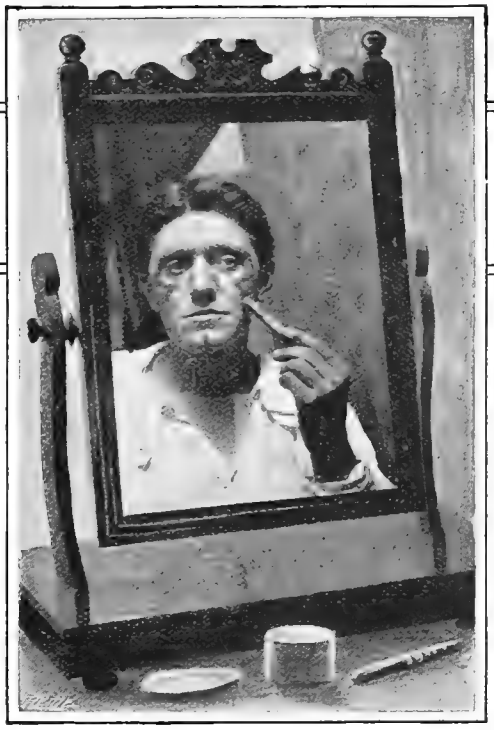

An actor as he sees himself in the looking-glass while "making-up."

How I Make Up.

By A Well-known Actor.

(Illustrated by Frank Foulsham.)

At the present day, to be an actor pure and simple is but an ordinary proceeding; one must have a knowledge of half-a-dozen other different professions, and so use them that they shall serve as a background to the histrionic art—that is, if you wish to make money out of it.

To commence with, you must know how to sketch in order that you may design your own make-up; for the design of a really good disguise is as intricate as an architect's plan of a public building. Full face, profile, top and back—all are drawn to the minutest detail. You must have a rudimentary knowledge of tailoring, that your dresses may be perfect, of wig-making and facial anatomy. And lastly, should you specialise in character sketches, you must possess a profound knowledge of our greatest novelists, together with the power of viewing their characters as they themselves wish them to be viewed.

With reference to the designing of makes-up, it is interesting to note that several of our actors, being unable to sketch themselves, commission great painters, such as Sir Philip Burne-Jones, or Sir Alma Tadema, to design their "make-ups" and dresses for them. Beerbohm Tree's Svengali, for instance, was copied from Du Maurier's book; it was first sketched with grease paints upon a looking-glass, which was afterwards varnished. From this crude picture Mr. Tree made himself up, and so pleased was he with the result that he framed the sketch and hung it in a place of honour in his dressing room at Her Majesty's Theatre, where it remains to this day.

It must not be supposed that the grease paint is or can be made wholly the means of a disguise or imitation. The facial expression of the actor plays an equally important part. It would be of not the slightest use, for example, if Mr. Bransby Williams, the well known actor-mimic, merely placed the lines and colouring in their required positions on his face. The whole effect would fall flat, and bear about the same resemblance to the part he wished to portray as does black to white. My meaning will be made more clear by comparing two photographs on the fourth page of this article. Both are exactly alike so far as the make-up is concerned, a careful look will show that the lines are similar in both illustrations. But whereas the one might represent anyone or no-one—the other is the very image of Dan Leno. All of which is entirely due to the clever facial assistance which Mr. Williams gives to his paints.

A "made-up" hand—that of Fagin the Jew.

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Making-up to represent Fagin the Jew. First step, the modelling of a Hebraic nose.

To watch a really good make-up being put on is a revelation to the uninitiated; for if an actor be adept in his art, he will succeed in changing his face beyond all recognition in a few minutes. Of lightning change artists the world has had enough; their disguises merely take the form of enveloping their heads in what is practically a mask.

A more interesting man than this is he who by merely turning his head from the audience for a few seconds, and scoring in a line here and a line there, changes his whole aspect. And how this is done will be shown in the course of this article. So complete an exposure has probably never before been made.

Every actor has some particular secret of his own by which he swears. In portraying the part of the young hero, for example, I make up my face with only two different colours—a No. 3 stick and carmine. By day, stick No. 3, being a sort of bronze tint, makes one look like a Cherokee Indian—an effect which is heightened by the carmine. By night, however, it gives you a more or less pale and cultured expression. The whole art lies in toning the two colours so that no hard line exists. Amateurs are apt to put the red on in patches, the wrinkles in blotches, and the dimples in meaningless masses. In intricate disguises two or three colours should be mixed upon the palm of the hand until the desired "ground" be obtained. Having smeared this evenly over the whole face, we are now ready for the more delicate operations that follow.

"Building" a heavy under-lip.

Let us take as our model "Fagin" the Jew, from Charles Dickens' "Oliver Twist," and see how nearly we can reproduce him in life. Unfortunately—or rather fortunately for us—our nose does not bear the required hook. A new one must therefore be made, and to get it exactly right we must make it ourselves. It is quite easy; all that is needed, is a piece of pink grease paint and some cotton

Putting in the wrinkles needs the greatest care.

The finished make-up of Mr. Williams as Fagin the Jew. No resemblance to the actor-mimic can be traced.

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wool. These, rolled together in the hand, form a putty-looking mixture that can be placed upon the nose with spirit gum. It also has the advantage of being pliable, and can be moulded to the desired shape. A little careful modelling and a judicious amount of "ground" colour gives us a typical Hebraic nose. The same preparation tinted with carmine, remedies our lack of the heavy under-lip. Care must again be taken to shade off the lines which show the boundary between the false and the real; care must also be taken in putting in the wrinkles and lines to place them *naturally* —in other words, to place them where your own will come in later years. These may be discovered by frowning and screwing up the face in various positions. By noting where the wrinkles appear, and accentuating them with a black pencil, a far less artificial appearance will be obtained. Shaggy eyebrows, made of what is called "plaited hair," are carefully attached, and the long, straggling beard bound round the chin to the head above. The wig is then put on, and the finishing touches given — a dash here, a suspicion there, a little darkening under the eyes—until at length everything is perfect. The responsibilities of the make-up do not end with the face, and here, again, the average actor fails. The ears, the neck, the hands, all in their turn need a proportionate amount of trouble; it is the attention to these apparently trivial details that makes the great artist. Mr. George Alexander may be distinguished from most actors by the carefulness with which he prepares his hands to suit the part he is taking. If he is portraying an old man, the make-up of his hands will be every whit as good as that on his face; and so it is with all his characters. In this instance, again, expression is all important as an aid to the paint. It is of no use lining the hands with veins and whitening them for an "old" part if you grasp things with the strength of a gorilla. They must be palsied and feeble. However well a miser's hands may be made up, all will be wasted unless the *expression* be claw-like and grasping.

Only one half of the face is here made up. A comparison of the two sides, by alternately covering each, will show what a marvellous change can be made by a clever actor.

Washing off the paint after removing make-up accessories.

To get this expression to perfection all our best known actors have rehearsals both of their plays and their makes-up. Two or three times before the actual performance takes place they will go through their makes-up to the most trivial detail.

It is the study of a lifetime to learn how the different effects may be obtained; how a man with a lean, hatchet face may turn himself into a florid countryman and *vice-versâ*. To obtain the effect of breadth, the best way is to get the false beard made so that the hairs appear to grow thin towards the ears, leaving the cheek bones and the greater part of both cheeks exposed to view. In the same way the wig should be left entirely bald round the temples, thus giving the appearance of great width of forehead. If your own face be particularly hollow, it is as well to fill the

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cheeks in with the mixture of cotton wool and paint. When this has all been carefully touched up, the audience will measure the width of your face, not as is usual, by the distance from nose to cheek bone, but from nose to ear, which method of measurement makes the face twice as broad.

With reference to beards and moustaches, it may not be generally known that there are three principal ways of making these. The most common method is to knot real hair into thin silk gauze and gum or tie it on to that part of the face it is intended to adorn. The second way is to use crêpe hair—a fuzzy, plaited-looking imitation—which must be stretched out and stuck on as thickly or as sparsely as the occasion demands. Lastly, the hairs may be painted in, but this latter method is not to be recommended by itself; used in connection with the other two disguises, it is excellent. In other words, it should only be used as a kind of finish to the edge of a false beard.

I remember once using a fourth way, a way, by the bye, which I should not advise many people to use, though in my case it served its purpose. I once had to play a part in which, as leading character, my face had to have the appearance of being covered with hairs. To paint them in would not have looked well, while a wig to cover the whole face was out of the question. For some time none of us could hit upon the correct thing to do; then at length a useful expedient occurred to me—I simply painted every feature with spirit gum, and sprinkled *chopped hairs* over my whole face.

Curious ways of wearing moustaches are peculiar to the artiste who impersonates well-known men. In the few seconds that they have to make up in it would be impossible carefully to fix on the moustaches with gum. The two alternatives are to clip them on to the nose with invisible clips, or to have a little piece of wire which enters the mouth and attaches itself to the roof. This ensures instantaneous action and an effect as good as if it had been affixed by surer means.

An actor's reflection in a looking-glass, showing how by means of a second glass he can see the side of his face.

It is well to note that the more characteristic your disguises are, the better your chance of making "a hit." A touch of originality is bound sooner or later to be noticed by audience and critics alike. An instance in point is

The make-up in these two photographs is exactly alike, but while the first represents no one in particular, the other, by marvellous facial expression, is a living portrait of Dan Leno.

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Madame Sarah Bernhardt. Most actresses colour the palms of their hands pink or red; not so the "divine Sarah." To be out of the common, and at the same time to gain a good effect, she paints her palms *saffron*.

Actors have to undergo a double strain in their work; the strain of making up and the strain of acting. Needless to say, the latter tells more upon the constitution, but, at the same time, the former strain helps "the last straw that breaks the camel's back."

Mr. Bransby Williams, to whom I have already referred, has, perhaps, tested this strain to the greatest extent. In taking the part of "Fagin the Jew" (the illustrations give a very good idea of the tedious and intricate make-up described) he has to half throttle himself with a neckerchief. The contortions simulating death, the emotions of hope and despair, combined with the worry of disguise, so upset him, that I have known him come off the stage and literally faint from sheer weakness.

To show the power of a really good make-up, Mr. Williams tells of how he was one day taking the part of little Nell's grandfather in the "Old Curiosity Shop." The part, as all who have read Dickens know, is pathetic in the extreme; and when the actor had finished the play, he was accosted by a poor old man outside the stage door, who said that he had just lost his little girl, and that Mr. William's acting had reminded him of his own emotions. A pretty story, truly, and an eloquent testimonial to the actor's art.

In conclusion, I will add a little adventure which befell me in the provinces. I was doing a series of character sketches, and had all the wigs and necessary appliances—as I thought—on a table at the back of the stage. Half way through the performance I discovered, to my horror, that a moustache was missing. Having just finished one sketch, I was making up for the next in full view of the audience; the time allowed me to make-up in was about forty seconds. Quite thirty-five seconds had gone, and I was still flinging grease, paints, and wigs to right and to left, trying to find this wretched moustache. The time was up—I was as far from my prey as ever. Suddenly an idea seized me, and catching up a new wig I tore out a lock of hair and gummed it to my lip. The applause of the audience was sufficient to show me that my ruse had succeeded.

THE BLACKBIRD'S NEST.

LEAFLESS and bare the shivering wood
With fingers lean and gaunt arms stood,
  Save where with silvery tassels hung
The slender boughs spring's advent told.
  Or where all sere and shrivelled clung
A mantle that once gleamed with gold,
  Closer around a brush that bent
  Before the wind's fierce discontent.

There once while Chloris stayed to rest
I found for her the blackbird's nest,
  Whose trellised grass and wool concealed
The silken-vestured tender young.
  Unskilled till then in song to yield
Those harmonies their parents sung,
  They found her dear eyes' gentle gaze
  Inspired their earliest hymn of praise.

Last night within the woods I heard
No minstrelsy of bee or bird,
  Only the storm made music shrill;
No more the fluttering wind-flowers shook,
  No primroses festooned the hill,
One robin only by the brook,
  (A last lone sentinel was he),
  Peered forth in wonderment at me.

BERNARD PIKE.

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A SUBURBAN COURTSHIP

TOLD BY THE CAT.

By F. C. Younger.

I.

I never can understand why people always grumble at suburban residences. *I* can see nothing wrong with our house; but my mistress says the windows don't fit, and the door won't shut, and there's always a draught from somewhere. What does that matter? If you choose the warmest corner of the mat before the fire (as I always do) doors and windows are not worth considering. She says there's only one place in the dining-room that's really warm. Well, that's quite enough for me. As to the doors, I rather like a door myself that doesn't shut; you can always get in without the trouble of sitting on the mat, and mewing until someone comes to open it for you.

The society, too, is charming—that is, the cat society. I can't say as much for the human. All my feline acquaintances belong to the upper classes, of course. I am a Persian myself, and that makes me exclusive. I never associate, for instance, with the cat from the fried fish shop in the next street (that is, unless he has any fish bones). We have just formed a Cats' Amateur Vocal Society, and hold nightly *soirées*. Unfortunately the men and women about here are terribly unmusical; they don't appreciate our efforts at all.

No; I think that what spoils suburban villas is the young people. The old ones understand that you want to sit before the fire and wash occasionally in quiet, and there are no children at our house.

There are three girls, though, and one young man, and you would think the house was made on purpose for those four, and the cats and furniture and everything in it, if you saw the way they went on. The young man is called Fred, and he has only one good point, namely, that he is away at a place called the "University" half the time. His mother and sisters think he's perfect, but *I* don't approve of him.

They had a party here last night because Fred was at home. There were seven or eight young men, and a few girls. They had fish for dinner, my favourite sort, and they turned me out of the room because I called their attention to the fact that they hadn't served me. When the ladies had gone to the drawing-room, and all the young men were smoking, I got into the dining-room again. Such a collection of boots on the hearth-rug and fender, and even on the mantelpiece! There was hardly any room for me, and when I did find a corner I wasn't allowed to sit quietly.

They stroked me the wrong way to "get sparks," and puffed smoke in my face to see how disgusted I was. I lost my temper at last, and used strong language. Would you believe it, they were delighted, and tried to make me do it again? I couldn't stand such depravity, and went upstairs to the young ladies. Our girls jumped up directly and said, "Oh, the cat isn't allowed in the drawing-room," and wanted to turn me out.

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Such injustice! If I *do* like to lie on the best cushions and rugs I don't make such big dents in them as they do. But they have no common sense, most of them.

But there was one girl in a pink blouse, called Molly, who said: "Oh, let her stay; I'll nurse her, and see she does no harm. I love cats."

I rather like that girl; she has soft little hands, and knows how to stroke properly. I really was beginning to enjoy myself when those horrid young men came up and disturbed everything.

Fred must needs come and try to stroke me, too, with his great, clumsy hands, and talk to Molly as if *he* loved cats. Then he said: "Come and sing to me, Miss Molly, *do!* We're dying to hear you," (which I know was not true—he hates music, and talks of "caterwauling" when I sing.)

Molly said: "But I can't leave poor Puss. I promised to look after her."

"Oh, the cat!" said Fred, as if I was of no consequence. "Here, Edith, nurse her a bit for Miss Molly," and he chucked me, literally *chucked* me, to one of his sisters, who has slippery knees, and doesn't know how to stroke at all.

I rather liked Miss Molly's singing, but when she had done she made him sing a dreadful song about "Wanting to be Popular." If he had asked me, I should have told him he never would be popular while he sang like that.

The noise was something awful! I thought I should go mad when they all shouted the chorus. I scrambled off Edith's lap, and went out of the door like a flash of lightning. They all seemed to consider it a joke! I could hear them roaring with laughter as I crouched under the old oak chest in the hall palpitating with terror. By-and-bye the drawing-room door opened, and Miss Molly came into the hall looking for me. But I wouldn't come out even when she crouched down on her hands and knees and said:

Their four eyes were peering at me—at least, Miss Molly's were; Fred looked at her quite as much as at me.

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"Poor Puss, was it frightened out of its little life then."

What made that Fred come and look under the chest too, I can't imagine! He doesn't usually care much about my feelings, but last night you would have thought I was his dearest friend. There were their two heads almost touching, with their four eyes peering in at me—at least Miss Molly's were; Fred's looked at her quite as much as at me. At last he put in his long arm to catch me, and then I disappeared quickly enough, I can tell you. I didn't want him to seize me by the scruff of my neck and haul me out. The last thing I saw as I rushed into the garden was Fred helping Miss Molly up very carefully. He can be polite sometimes; he never takes *her* by the scruff of the neck.

Presently, as I sat on the fence talking about our next concert to a friend, all the humans came into the garden. The girls had antimacassars over their heads, and the men were smoking again. They strolled about and admired the moon and stars and trees, and everything but the cats. Fred was walking about with Miss Molly, who had a white shawl on, and looking at her as he never looks at me.

He was very interested in some picnic she went to the summer before last; at least he *said* he was, but he kept calling Brighton "Brompton" when he asked about it. Miss Molly laughed at him for it, and I was very glad, for he is dreadfully conceited. But what surprised me was that he seemed to like it, though when his sisters laugh at him, he gets quite angry. Men are incomprehensible. Their talk was so uninteresting that I left them at last, and went for a walk over the roofs.

A few hours later, when they were all in bed, I was sitting on the tool shed roof under Fred's window quietly practising one of the songs without words for our next *soirée*, when he opened the window and threw a boot at me, and said "Hang that cat."

Men are so absurd. He never said "Hang" once to Miss Molly while they talked in the garden, and he doesn't throw boots at *her* when she sings, though I'm sure you can't hear the words any better than if there were none.

II.

FRED is home for the "Easter Vac.," as he calls it, which lasts several weeks. His mother says he is "reading very hard," that is, he sits for ever so long in a big chair with a big book, and smokes. But as for reading! I know better. I sat on the rug at his feet all the afternoon yesterday, and he never turned a leaf. It's my belief he's thinking of all sorts of other things; those horrid songs of his, perhaps. He's always whistling them, and yesterday he told Edith that he had got another. "Why don't you ask Miss Molly here one evening?" he said this afternoon. "She likes singing, and none of you girls can accompany properly."

I could see Edith didn't like this, but *I* think it shows more sense than I should have given him credit for; she likes cats, and I can go into the garden when they begin to sing.

Presently Edith, who had been called away, came back and said: "Fred, some callers are here. Mother wants you to come in and hand tea."

"Oh, bother!" said Fred. "Who are they?"

"Captain and Mrs. Jones, and Mrs. Crosley," said Edith.

"A lot of old fogies!" said Fred. "Anyone else?"

"No, only Molly Summers!" answered Edith.

Fred bounced up. "All right, I'll be with you in a minute." He spent that minute in brushing his coat and straightening his tie; then he went into the drawing-room, and I followed him.

Miss Molly was talking to Mrs. Crosley when we went in, and she took no notice of Fred, though she stroked me when I jumped on her knee. But of course he had to interfere directly, and bring her heaps of bread and butter that she didn't want, and tread on my tail.

"It's only the cat!" he said when I called out. Only the cat, indeed!

Miss Molly gave me cake to console me, "on the drawing-room carpet too," as the mistress said afterwards.

Fred looked very curious, sometimes I think he must be troubled by some secret disease.

"I only wish you would treat me as well as you do that cat, Miss Summers," he said.

"What! Give you cake?" retorted Miss Molly laughing, and then he blushed! I would almost as soon have expected to blush myself.

"You girls might get the tennis-court marked out," said Fred after she was gone. "It's quite fine enough to play, and we could have some people up one afternoon."

"What people?" asked Edith, "we don't know ten decent players."

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"We don't want ten decent players," retorted Fred, "only a few girls and men. Miss Summers is very fond of tennis, only she hasn't anywhere to play."

"Why didn't you say what you meant at first?" said Edith, and then he told her not to be a goose.

When we were alone he took me up and said to me: "What idiots people are, puss! Why can't they do it without telling?

"It takes three men and a boy to get a new idea into the heads of any member of this family except myself. The old people think we're babies for ever, and as for the girls——"

I really think he's not well.

The tennis-party is next Friday. Our girls are making cakes and things for it. They don't get on very well, and whenever a cake gets too burnt or too heavy, they say: "Oh, the cat will eat it!" The cat won't! She prefers sparrows, and then they say I'm dainty! Fred has given up "reading hard," he sings and practises all day ready for next Friday.

"I only wish you would treat me as well as you do that cat, Miss Summers."

III.

THE tennis-party is over. There were seven girls and only two men counting Fred, so five of the girls sat drinking tea and talking while the others played. I considered I had a right to some good cake, after all the failures they had given me, and I joined the tea-table party. The way these girls talk is very funny.

"Who is this Molly Summers?" asked Edith's great friend, a girl with frizzled hair just like singed fur. "Where did you meet her?"

"At school in Germany," answered Edith. "She was rather nice then," she added apologetically.

"Well, she's not now," said Frizzly decidedly. "I think she aims at being a new woman. She attends hygiene classes, and actually *takes an interest* in the horrible things they show you."

"You attend the classes too," said another.

"Yes, but I shouldn't have if I'd known about the horrors," retorted Frizzly. "Just fancy, my dear, *the insides of sheep!* We were all disgusted, but she actually poked them about, and wanted to see the ventricles, and all that!"

Now what possible objection can there be to the insides of a sheep? I'm rather partial to them myself, though I don't know anything about the ventricles; in fact, I prefer them to cake. But those girls all said "How horrid!" and Frizzly went on. "When I asked her how she could, she actually said: 'Well, we have insides ourselves, I suppose, and we must learn what they're like, so as to keep them in order.'"

"It's my opinion," said another, "that she's a flirt. Look at her now."

Miss Molly and a great fellow with a big voice who had been playing with her were coming up, and I went to meet them. Fred was behind with the tennis-balls and the other girl. I am sure he is ill, he looked

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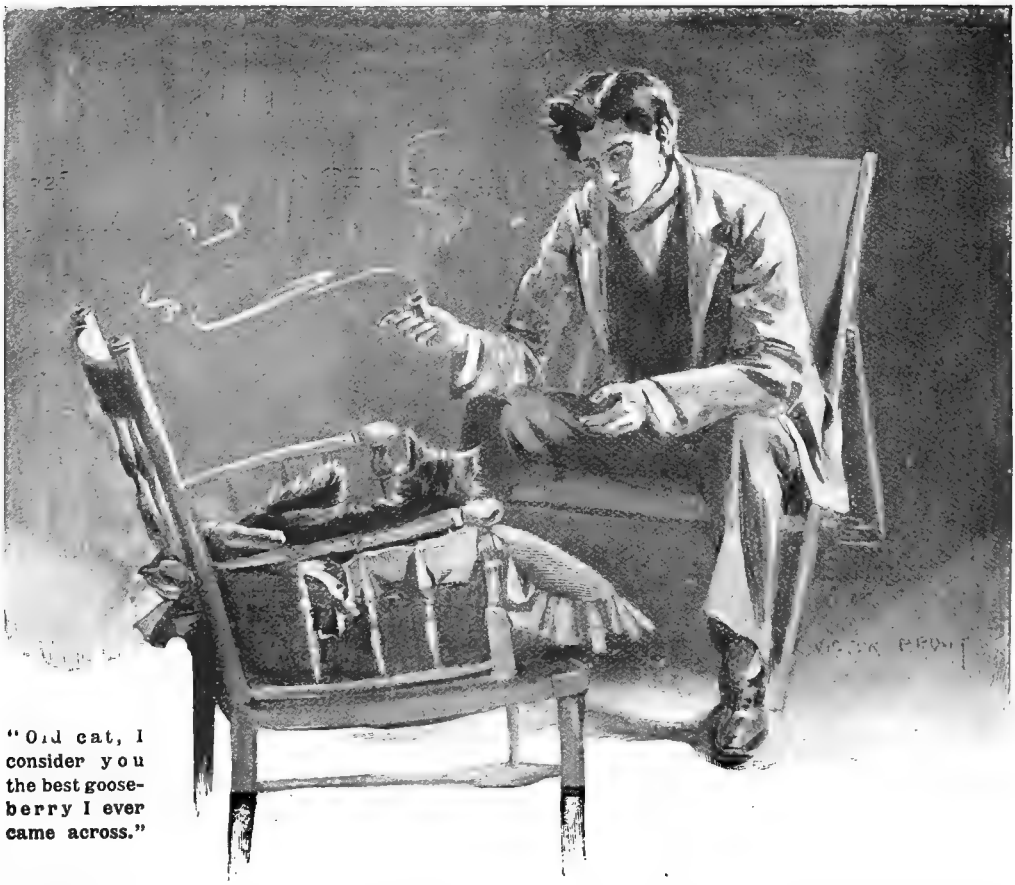

"Old cat, I consider you the best gooseberry I ever came across."

so peculiar, quite savage in fact, especially when the other fellow took Miss Molly's racket and found her a garden chair. I sat on her lap and washed my face, as I always do when I'm particularly happy.

"We won," said Molly triumphantly, "Mr. Fred, I thought you were such a good player?"

"I'm out of practice," said Fred looking glummer than ever, and pulling my tail.

"Do leave the poor cat alone," said Molly. "Isn't anyone going to get me any tea? I'm quite exhausted."

The other fellow sprang up before Fred had time to answer, and brought her a table and tea and cake. When Fred arrived with some bread and butter, she had everything she wanted, thank you, and was quite comfortable. I was glad to see her treat him like that, for he is much too conceited.

By and bye some of the other girls played and Fred picked up their balls while the other fellow talked to Molly. She had to go away early, and the other fellow saw her home.

Fred was crosser than ever when she was gone.

"You girls always arrange things so badly," he said, standing on the hearthrug with his back to the grate.

"Fancy asking five girls, and only one man, and that insufferable fellow of all others. I never was at such a slow affair before; and why you need sit half the afternoon talking scandal with that Miss Frizzles I can't understand! You should see Molly Summers entertain. *She* always makes things go."

"She didn't make it go this afternoon," objected Edith.

"How could she, when none of you backed her up?" said Fred, and then Edith said Oxford had not improved his manners, and marched out of the room with her head in the air.

IV.

Fred has been very low spirited. If he were a cat I should expect him to shed his coat. As it is he hasn't taken it off once (except at

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night) since the tennis-party, for he doesn't seem to care to play. His taste in music however, is improving; he never sings those horrid songs, and he threw no boots at us even when our annual concert was held under his window last night. He smokes furiously, and reads until his mother says, "My dear, you are overworking, you really must take rest and exercise." But I don't believe he gets beyond one page. Yesterday he told me "the world was a hollow mockery," which would be interesting if I knew what a "mockery" was. Perhaps it is something to eat, in which case I am not surprised that he was vexed because it was "hollow."

This afternoon Miss Molly called to see the girls. Everyone was out but Fred, and the housemaid (who did not know it) showed her into the room where he was reading. He jumped up when she came in and looked queer again.

"Miss Summers," he exclaimed, blundering across the room to get her a chair. "Do sit down and excuse the state I'm in."

I was very offended, because he had forgotten that I was on his knee when he sprang up, but I couldn't help smiling at this, and no more could Molly. He certainly did look queer. He wore an old blazer covered with tobacco ash that he had spilt in pocketing his pipe, and his very oldest slippers, his hair was on end, and his pince-nez askew.

"I suppose you were reading," said Molly. "Don't let me disturb you. Are they all out?"

"Not at all!" said Fred (though whether he meant "not at all out," or what, I could not discover) "I'm delighted to see you, do sit down."

She took me on her lap, and there was a silence, except for my purring.

"I wanted to tell your sisters how I enjoyed the tennis-party," said Molly at last.

"Did you enjoy it?" said Fred gloomily; "it's more than I did."

"Oh; but you ought to have enjoyed it," returned Molly; "it was awfully nice."

"Awfully nice if you could play with and talk to the one you wanted all the time," said Fred.

"And didn't you?" said Molly, very busy stroking me. "I saw you talking to Edith's friend with the frizzly hair a great deal."

"Oh, hang her!" ejaculated Fred with great emphasis. "Miss Molly, why wouldn't you talk to me?"

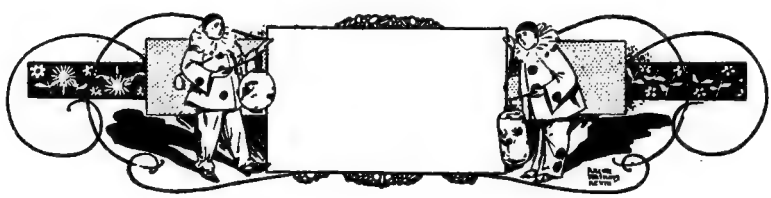
Molly put me down on the floor and said: "Puss, go and tell him I never had a chance to."

"And look here, Puss," said Fred, "tell her to give me a chance now."

I can't imagine why they wanted me to say all this. They never understand me when I say, "There's a mouse in the pantry," or "Give me some fish," or anything sensible. So I jumped on the sofa because I was tired of being put off their laps, and went to sleep on a cushion. When I woke, Fred was sitting on the arm of Molly's chair. I told them that the mistress said it spoiled the chairs, and that there were plenty of others in the room, but they took no notice, even when I jumped on the back.

Now Miss Molly comes here at least once a week, and wears a horrid little ring that spoils her stroke. They neglect me shamefully, and sing lots of songs. Yesterday Fred said to me:

"Old cat, I consider you the best gooseberry I ever came across," which I consider an insult. In the first place, I am not old, and in the second I am not a gooseberry. I hate gooseberries. I am a respectable, middle-aged cat.



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A CENTURY OF ASSASSINATIONS.

"UNEASY LIES THE HEAD THAT WEARS A CROWN."

By Edgar Mels.

A LIST OF THE WORLD'S RULERS WHO HAVE BEEN ATTACKED BY ASSASSINS DURING THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

George III. of England, attacked twice, May, 1800.*
Napoleon I., attacked while First Consul, December 1800; twenty killed and fifty-two wounded.*
Louis Philippe, King of France, shot at while driving along the Boulevard du Temple; forty killed.
Queen Isabella of Spain, stabbed, February 2, 1852.
King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, shot at, 1853.
Ferdinand Charles II., Duke of Parma, shot at, March 27, 1854.
King Ferdinand of Naples, stabbed by a soldier, December 8, 1856.
Napoleon III., attacked by Orsini and others, many killed, January 14, 1858.
Prince Daniel of Montenegro, killed, August 13, 1860.
King Otho of Greece, shot at by a student, 1862.
President Lincoln, mortally shot in Ford's Theatre, Washington, April 14, 1865.
Prince Michael of Servia, shot and killed, June 10, 1868.
Abdul Aziz, Sultan of Turkey, killed with scissors, June, 4, 1876.
King Alfonso of Spain, shot at, October 25, 1878, and December 30, 1879.
Emperor William I. of Germany, shot at by Hoedel, May 11, and by Dr. Nobeling, June 2, 1878.
Alexander II., Tsar of Russia, blown to pieces with nitro-glycerine while driving through St. Petersburg, March 13, 1881.
President Garfield, shot and killed by Guiteau in Washington, July 2, 1881.
President Carnot of France, stabbed to death by Cæsario, or Pietro, Santo, June 24, 1894.
Nasr-ed-Din, Shah of Persia, killed, May 1, 1896.
King Humbert of Italy, attacked by Pietro Acciarito, April 22, 189[illegible].
President Faure of France, attacked with dynamite bomb, June 13, 1897.
Prime Minister Canovas del Castillo of Spain, stabbed and killed by Rinaldi, Augus 8, 1897.
General Borda, President of Uruguay, killed, August 26, 1897.
President Barrios of Guatemala, killed, February 9, 1898.
Empress Elizabeth of Austria, fatally stabbed while walking from her hotel in Geneva to the lake boat, September 10, 1898.
King Humbert of Italy, shot three times and killed at Monza, by Gaetano Bresci, July 29, 1900.*
Three attempts were made to kill Queen Victoria and two to kill the Prince of Wales, but in no instance was any one injured.

Paul I., Tsar of Russia, was assassinated during the night between March 23rd and 24th, 1801; but this murder cannot be classed among anarchical or nihilistic crimes, as the murdered monarch was killed by adherents of the court, at the instigation of certain members of the Royal Family.

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* It will be objected that these three affairs cannot possibly have occurred during the nineteenth century. The author has included them in his list in order to conciliate both parties—those who hold that the century does not begin with its first year and those who hold that it does.

The business of being a ruler over a nation is not as pleasant as would appear at first glance. What with external complications, a dissatisfied people, and the probability of assassination, the head that wears a crown lies most uneasy. This assertion is emphasised by the record of the killing of rulers and attempts on their lives during this enlightened nineteenth century.

"Not that I loved Cæsar less, but Rome more," as Brutus is said to have exclaimed, savours strongly of patriotism, but no such key-note has been struck when the thirty-odd attempts were made upon the lives of rulers, chronicled during this century. Fanaticism, degeneracy, and anarchy have been the underlying causes of all these assasinations. In not one instance was the life of a despot attempted, unless the first Napoleon and the Sultan of Turkey be placed in this category. Alexander of Russia freed the serfs, and was blown to pieces with nitro-glycerine; the first Napoleon raised France to a pinnacle of glory which she is not likely to reach again; Humbert made united Italy, and was shot; Lincoln saved the Union, and received his death wound from the pistol of a crazy actor.

Formerly, the ruler of a nation had to deal only with individuals; now secret societies, for the extermination of all rulers, with an attendant era of chaos and anarchy, confront the head of nearly every government in the world. This would not be a very serious matter in itself, for no man is indispensable.

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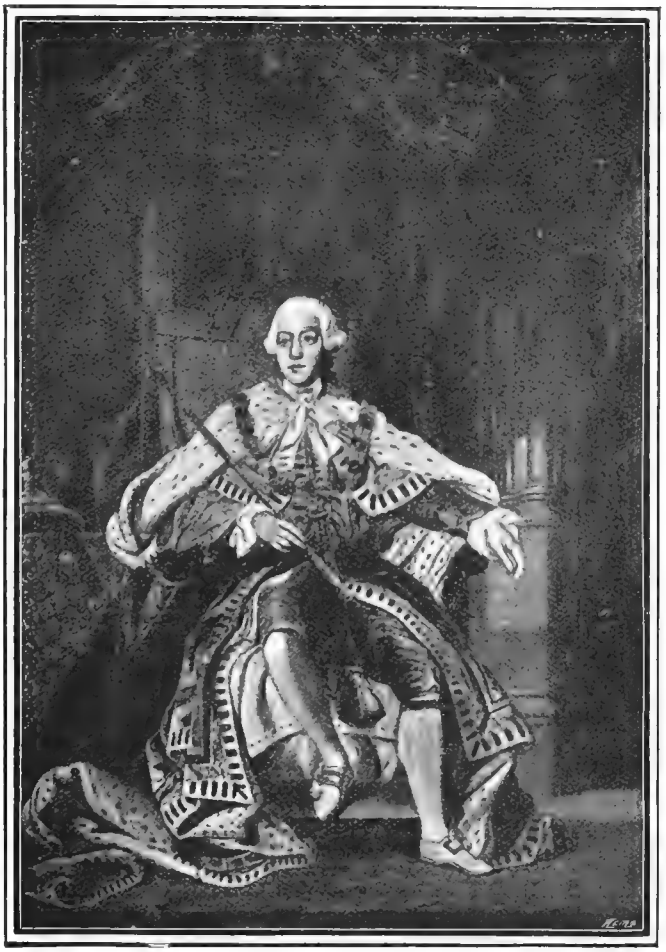
The danger lies in the fact that the aggregation of anarchists or nihilists, which strikes at rulers, does so to emphasise its objects —the total abolition of society as sane peoples see it, and the absolute extermination of all forms of government. Both anarchy and nihilism mean the same thing—the abolition of government. Both societies aim at the same thing, although it must be said. in justice to nihilism, that it originated in the worthy attempt to abolish serfdom and the horrors of Siberia, whilst anarchy consists merely of a band of assassins, international degenerates, brought together by a common desire to kill whosoever is in power, irrespective of the justice or rhyme or reason of the act. Anarchy and nihilism are modern, and both are offsprings of social democracy —the insane children of a more or less Utopian idea.

The first attempt at regicide recorded during the last hundred years took place in May, 1800, when someone, unknown to this day, shot at George III. of England while the king was driving through Hyde Park, London. The same night, while attending a play at Drury Lane Theatre, a man, later proven a lunatic, while standing in the pit, fired a shot at the king. His Majesty was not hurt. His assailant was placed under restraint, and kept confined for forty years, until death came to his release.

The first attack upon Napoleon I. is, perhaps, the most interesting, for it shows the Corsican, then merely First Consul and at the very threshold of his career, in a typical attitude—that of *poseur*. Owing to his lack of popularity, a number of Parisians decided that the welfare of their country demanded the forcible removal of the Buonaparte, and accordingly two of their number were deputed to kill him. Having learned that the First Consul was to drive through the principal streets of the French capital one day in December, 1800, they drove a cart to a convenient spot, and placed a barrel of powder aboard. One of the conspirators, St. Regent by name, remained on the cart, ready to apply the match at the proper moment. His confederate was stationed at the Tuileries, and the moment Napoleon left the palace in his carriage the assistant conspirator ran as fast as he could to warn St. Regent. It so happened, however, that Napoleon's coachman was addicted to the wine that is red, and having taken a trifle too much on this occasion, he drove the horses at a terrific speed through the streets. The result was that the carriage arrived at the fatal



George III.

Shot at twice in one day, May, 1800

spot sooner than was anticipated. St. Regent, seeing the First Consul at hand, applied a slow match and ran. A terrific explosion followed, but not until after the carriage containing Napoleon had passed the danger zone. Twenty were killed and fifty-two wounded, including St. Regent.

The moment the explosion occurred, Napoleon, true to his instincts, arose to his diminutive height, and exclaimed, "Charge — for the glory of France!" explaining afterwards that he had been dreaming of battle, and that the explosion had aroused him to the confused idea that he was leading a charge.

About a year later another attempt, known only to a few of his intimates, was made. He was invited to attend some electrical experiments with a galvanic battery of great power. After inspecting the laboratory he was asked to look at the battery itself. Unknowingly he stepped on a metal plate immediately in front of the table on which the battery stood, and was about to touch the battery itself, when his aide-de-camp gave him a violent push, sending him away from danger. Without a word Napoleon left the room—he had understood. The next day four scientists were removed from all possible intercourse with the scientific world.

Napoleon I.

Attacked while still First Consul, December, 1800.

Possibly the most remarkable of all attempts at regicide was that made on the life of Louis Philippe of France in 1835. On July 28 of that year, Joseph Marie Fieschi, a Corsican adventurer, opposed to the *régime* to which Louis belonged, decided to kill the king. Knowing the uncertainty of aim at crucial moments, Fieschi determined to construct a gun that would shoot in all conceivable directions at once. So he built a weapon of his own pattern to accomplish his designs. It consisted of twenty-five rifle barrels inserted in a huge wooden stock so as to point outward, fanwise. In addition, some of the barrels were depressed, while others were raised. Having finished this infernal machine, Fieschi placed it in the window of a house in the Boulevard du Temple, knowing that the king would pass along that thoroughfare, on July 28, to commemorate his accession. Each barrel was loaded with four balls, making a total of one hundred rifle balls aimed at the annointed head of the citizen king. When Louis passed, Fieschi applied a match, and a leaden hail rained upon the king. When his entourage recovered their respective senses, it was discovered that forty persons had been killed and many more wounded. Louis had escaped injury, although one of the bullets had grazed his sleeve, imbedding itself in the neck of one of the horses of his carriage. Three other attempts were made to kill Louis: by Alibaud in 1830, by Damiens in 1840, and by Lecomte and Henry in 1846,

Almost as dramatic was the attack upon Isabella II. of Spain, February 2, 1852. The Queen had just recovered from an *accouchement*, and was on her way to the Church of our Lady of Allocha to a thanksgiving service, as has been the old custom of

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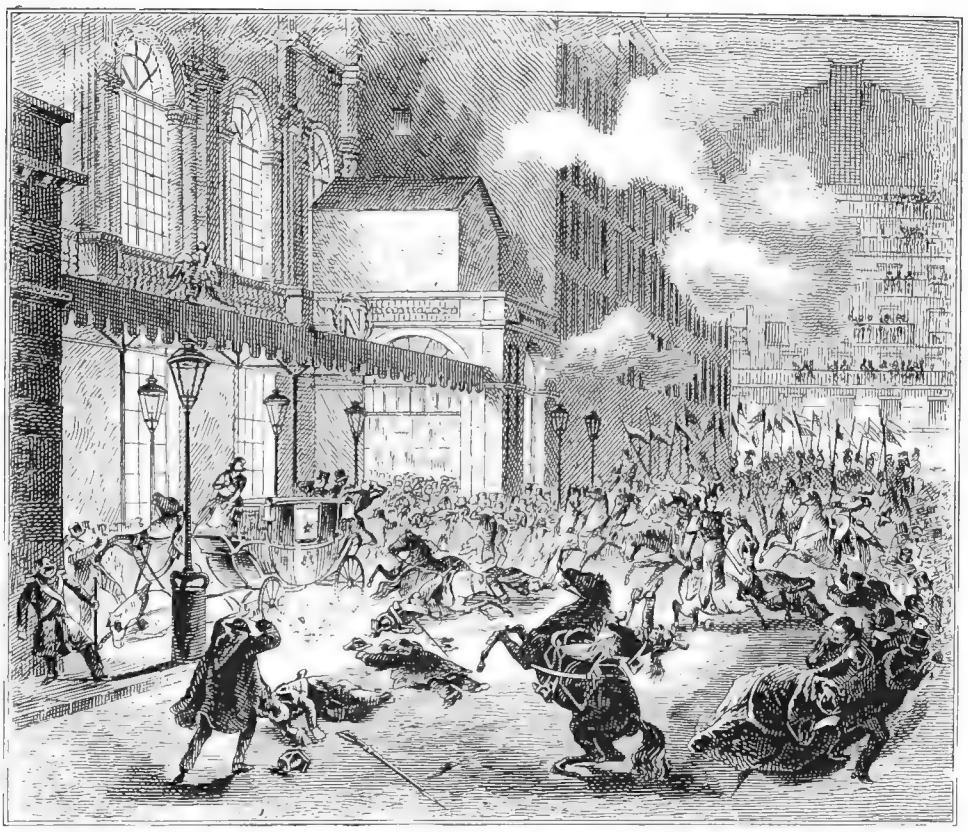

Orsini's attempt on the life of Napoleon III.
(Reproduced from a contemporary engraving.)

Spanish Monarchs. The Queen was attended by her husband and the members of her family, as well as the entire Court. She walked, while a lady-in-waiting just behind her carried the infant. As she reached a spot a few yards from the church, a man dressed in clerical garb threw himself at her feet, as if to present a petition. The Queen turned, and at that moment a man struck at her with a dagger. As he did so, he exclaimed: "*Toma, ya tienes bastante!*" (Take it, you have now got enough.) The weapon penetrated the velvet cloak the Queen was wearing and cut into her left side above the heart.

Instantly the King Consort drew his sword and rushed upon the would-be assassin.

Napoleon III.

The latter was, however, saved by quick action on the part of the Duke de Tamanes, who spirited him away. Three days later he was garroted. The wounded Queen was removed to her palace, where it was found that her injury was not serious. Inquiry revealed that her assassin's name was Martin Merino, and that he was an ex-friar of the San Franciscan Order, sixty-three years old, from the province of Logroño.

The following year an attempt was made on the life of King Victor Emmanuel of Italy.

The next monarch to be attacked was King Ferdinand of Naples, a most unpopular ruler. He was shot at by a soldier, Agesilao Milano, and because of this attempt and

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* Stabbed to death, September 10th, 1898. † Shot at in 1853 ‡ Shot at twice in 1858. § Stabbed, February 2nd, 1852.

many threats, renounced the crown and fled from Naples.

Napoleon III. was attacked several times, but escaped injury. The most determined attempt was that of Orsini, assisted by Pierri, Gomez, and Rudio, January 14th,

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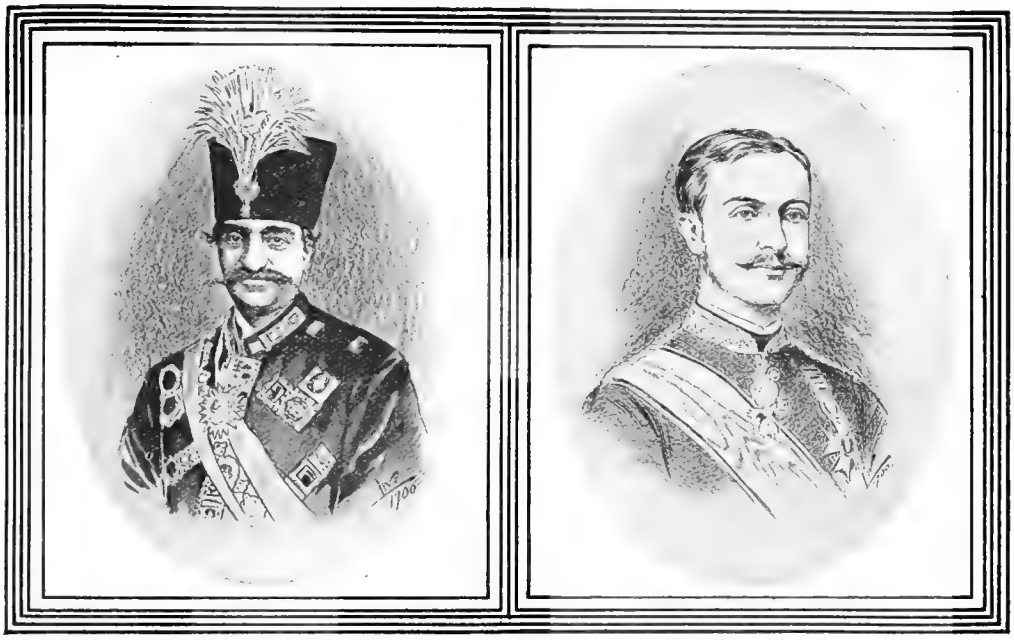

Nasr-ed-Din, Shah of Persia.
Killed, May, 1896.

King Alfonso of Spain.
Shot at, October 25th, 1878.

1858. After Orsini's death Napoleon educated his children and aided his family financially.

Prince Daniel of Montenegro was killed August 14th, 1860, and opinions differ as to whether or not he deserved death.

The next assassination was that of Abraham Lincoln, who was shot by John Wilkes Booth in Ford's Theatre, April 15th, 1865. Booth was a fanatic, on the verge of insanity. He was killed, resisting capture.

Prince Michael of Servia ruled his people with considerable ability, considering the fact that his immediate ancestors were swineherds in the mountains of his native land. He was walking in the Topschider Park, attached to the palace at Belgrade, when a shot cut short his career, June 10th, 1868.

One of those assassinations full of mysterious happenings is the taking off of Abdul Aziz, Sultan of Turkey and Ruler of the Faithful, etc., etc. As a Sultan, Abdul Aziz was far in advance of any of his predecessors, for he was intelligent, strangely honest for an Oriental, and progressive.

Abdul Aziz, Sultan of Turkey.
Killed with scissors, 1876.

His first step upon coming into power was to decimate the imperial harem, and to reduce expenses in every possible way. This earned for him the dislike of certain members of the government, and accordingly a number of high officials plotted to remove him from further participation in the direction of the harem or other earthly affairs. At the head of the conspiracy were Hussein Pasha, Midhat Pasha, Mehemed Ruschdi, and others. Through bullying tactics they forced the Sultan to abdicate, May 29th, 1876. Six days later Abdul Aziz was found dead in his kiosk in the palace gardens, with the wrist slashed, bathed in blood, and dead. "Suicide" was the news sent broadcast, but the world only smiled, for it knew the ways of the unspeakable Turk. Five years later Midhat Pasha and Mehemed Ruschdi were tried for murdering Abdul Aziz, and sentenced to death, but were finally exiled.

Alfonso of Spain, father of the present king, had a narrow escape. Ten months after his marriage to Mercedes she died, and left him, for the time at least, an inconsolable

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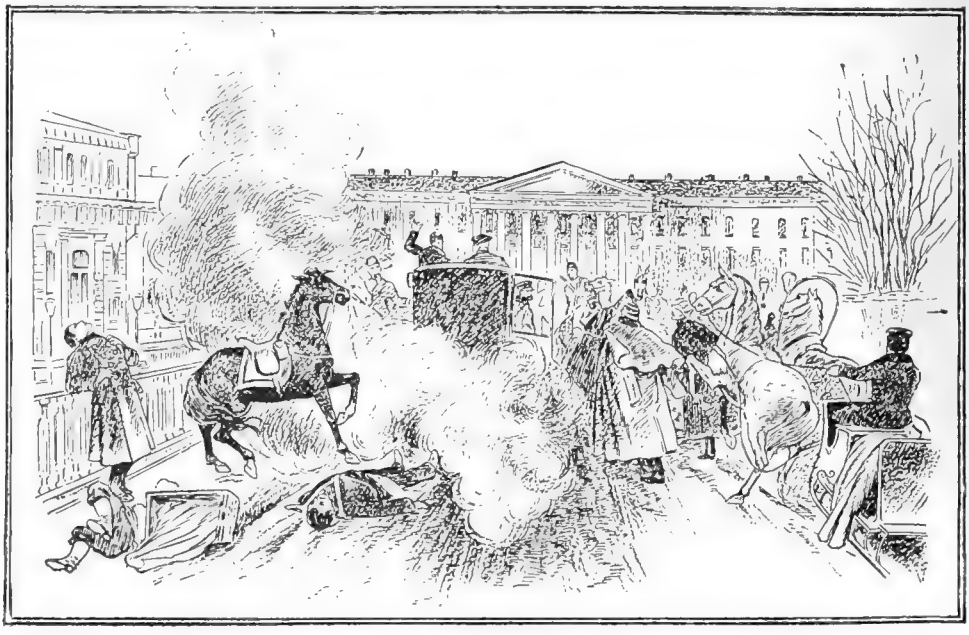
widower. After a period of mourning he returned to Madrid. The day was October 25th, 1878, and the king was riding at the head of a cavalcade towards his palace. When in the Calle Mayor, a young fanatic drew a revolver and fired at the king's breast. Alfonso showed great coolness under the circumstances, and, without even turning his head, rode on. The assailant, Juan Oliva Moncassi, was executed a few days later.

Tsar Alexander II.

December 30th of the following year Gonzalez, another fanatic, made a similar attempt with no damage to the royal person.

Another ruler subject to assassins' attempts was Emperor William I. In 1878 he was attacked twice, the first time by Emil H. M. Hoedel, May 11, and the second time, June 2, by Dr. Nobeling. In the latter instance he was wounded in the hand, but not seriously.

Aside from the assassinations of King Humbert and Empress Elizabeth, recent assassinations have not been very spectacular, if such a word can be applied to such horrible deeds. The only one surrounded with a halo of sensationalism was the brutal killing of Alexander II., Tsar of Russia, the man who had freed the Russian serfs, and had done more to establish personal freedom in Russia than all his predecessors put together. His assassination was even more unjustifiable than such happenings usually are, and aroused a storm of revengeful indignation among all decent and sane peoples. The plot to kill Alexander was hatched in the Imperial School of Mines in St. Petersburg, a pupil named Russakoff being the head schemer. He had been a friend of Solovieff, who attempted the life of the Tsar in 1879, and was executed two weeks later. Russakoff was assisted in his plotting by two women, Sophie Peroffskaja and Jessie Heljmann, and the following men: Risakoff, Jelaboff, Kibaichick, and Michailoff. The conspirators prepared a number of bombs filled with broken glass and dynamite. On



The assassination of Alexander II. with nitro-glycerine.

(Reproduced from a sketch made by an eye-witness.)

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* Shot, April 14th, 1865. † Shot, July 2nd, 1881 ‡ Stabbed, June 24th, 1894. § Attacked, June 13th, 1897.

Sunday, March 13th, 1881, while the Tsar was driving, one of the gang threw a bomb, but, strange to relate, it only injured a Cossack riding beside the carriage. The *cortège* was stopped at once, and the Tsar dismounted.

"Is your Majesty hurt?" asked one of his party.

"No, thank God!" exclaimed the ruler of Russia, crossing himself. At that moment Risakoff threw another bomb, which blew off the legs of the unfortunate monarch. He

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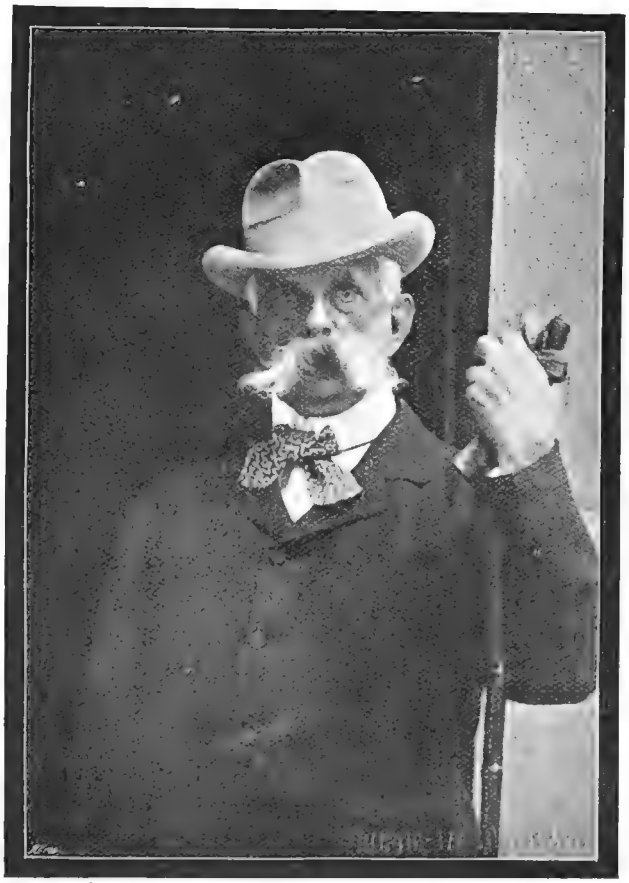
was taken to the Winter Palace, where he expired soon after. All the conspirators, save Risakoff, were executed. Risakoff was sent into exile with hundreds of others.

Four months later, the insane Guiteau shot President Garfield in the Baltimore and Ohio railroad station in Washington, D. C. Then came an hiatus of a decade during which royalty had a breathing spell. Then the assassin turned again to the head of a republic, and President Carnot of France met his death at the knife of Cæsario Santo.

Very little is known of the death of Nasr-ed-Din, Shah of Persia, for his country did not and does not believe in publicity in matters of this kind. The only positive knowledge the world had of the happening was the public hanging of the Shah's assassin, an affair which several Europeans witnessed.

Queen Victoria has been assailed three times. The only serious attempt was that of Oxford, who jumped upon the steps of her carriage and waved an unloaded pistol. The Prince of Wales has been twice attacked, the last time being by Sipido in Brussels.

The last two victims of anarchy were the Empress Elizabeth of Austria and King Humbert of Italy. The former was stabbed to death with a file by Luccheni, while walking from her hotel in Geneva, Switzerland. King Humbert was shot and killed by Bresci.



King Humbert of Italy.
Killed by Bresci, July 29th, 1900.

Is anarchy increasing? At first thought, and when one remembers the assassinations of, and all the attempts at assassinating, prominent persons which have occurred during the last few years, one might feel inclined to answer the question in the affirmative. But mature consideration convinces me that this is not the case. Serious anarchy, serious Nihilism, are no longer so widespread as they were, and for the simple reason that the *raison être* for their existence is decreasing day by day. The welfare of European countries—with the possible exception of the Russian Empire — is no longer in the hands and at the mercy of a single man, and, with the exception of compulsory service — that scourge of Continental Europe — the individual is left nowadays to do pretty much as he likes. There are but few fearful wrongs to be avenged, or shameful abuses which only drastic measures have the power to change. The murders of the Empress of Austria and the King of Italy were due not to Nihilists or anarchists, but to madmen —brain-sick fanatics, who were scarcely responsible for what they did. And we may be sure that, as time goes on, the few possible excuses still in force for the existence of the anarchist will cease to be—for all things are continually, if slowly and obscurely, improving, the general government of the world among others.

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No period of Germanic history is more full of incident than that known as the Interregnum, and especially the earlier portion of it before the foundation of the Hanseatic League, somewhere about the year 1245. For years there had been no king, no chief ruler; robbery and lawlessness of every kind were rife, and every baron in his castle regarded himself as king of his immediate surroundings and was a law unto those who owed allegiance to him, and unto everybody else who was not sufficiently lucky to keep out of his clutches.

Neighbouring barons amused themselves by making war upon one another when there was nothing more stirring going on; they would band together to resist the invasion of a distant lord, or to make a raid upon that lord's territory, and when that little diversion was over they would resume their old mode of amusement and fall foul of one another to work off superfluous energy and keep their hands in.

Baron Rudolf von Dummkopf and Baron Arno von Hartstein were neighbours. After the remarks made in the preceding paragraph it is scarcely necessary to introduce them more elaborately to the reader. Each was a constant thorn in the side of the other, and it is safe to say that there was no livelier corner of old Wurtemburg than that which contained the dwelling places of these Kinglets.

For the sake of security, castles were built on hills or elevated ground. The residential fortresses of the Barons D. and H. were very favourably situated; each reared its head aloft from the summit of a rock. They were, about two miles apart, opposite each other, and with pasture land and wood between. The boundary of the respective territories was formed by a strip of forest. At the back of each fortress there stretched a wild country, and from the east side there ran a road to the nearest city. When the two lords united to defeat foreign invasion, they occupied an almost impregnable position; and when they desired to make things exciting for one another, the low lying land between the castles afforded them full scope for the attainment of this object.

Baron Dummkopf hated Baron Hartstein cordially, and the sentiment was fully reciprocated; it would have puzzled both of them to state the precise reason of this enmity, but that only made the enmity more intense and interesting. Baron H. had got it into his somewhat unkempt head that his rival was determined to obtain possession of Hartstein Castle, because the possession of both fortresses would make a powerful man of the owner. On the other hand, Baron D. had had it on the authority of an infallible female soothsayer that the House of Dummkopf was destined to rule over Hartstein, and, as he always implictly believed in any prediction that was favourable to himself, he conceived it to be simply carrying out his destiny to take advantage of every opportunity that presented itself for gaining possession of

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the desirable hill-top residence over the way.

Baron Dummkopf sat in his castle, moody and wrathful. It was time that he did something to put an end to the present condition of things, and made a mighty effort to oust his rival. He had just received tidings of a raid made by the Hartsteiners on his flocks; this was the third time that they had made successful raids. It was proved that he himself had begun the diversion by seizing a favourable opportunity for transfering similar moving and movable property from one side of the wood to the other, but for his enemy to do the same thing three times in succession, was hardly fair, he thought. Each time the raiders had been more daring, and it was quite on the cards that the Hartsteiners might make an attack on his fortress.

While he was thus reflecting, the door opened and his daughter entered. Ulrica was a maiden fair to set eyes on, the apple of her father's eye, and his brow cleared as she came to his side and kissed him.

"Father, when is this dreadful fighting between the Hartsteiners and ourselves to come to an end?" she asked.

The Baron's eye gleamed angrily. Despite his love for her, he did not like her to meddle with his affairs in that way. It reminded him of a certain phase of her mother's character, and the recollection was not pleasant. It is not agreeable to any man to be reminded of the occasions on which he had to play second fiddle, and it was still less so in the good old times of the Interregnum.

"Such matters are not for thee," he replied sternly.

Ulrica was silent for a moment, as if revolving something in her mind. Then she continued:

"I did but wish to help thee, father. Thou hast told me more than once that it had been foretold thou shouldst capture the Hartstein fortress. I have some tidings for thee."

"How so? What meanest thou?" demanded her father.

Ulrica's unsteady voice indicated that she

The Castle was guarded by scarcely a dozen men, and they at once realised the hopelessness of resistance.

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was labouring under great excitement and some anxiety. Her face coloured more deeply, and she gave a little start of fear as her father addressed these questions to her; but she recovered herself quickly and answered him in a much firmer tone.

"I heard Ludwig von Hartstein say——"

"Has the son of my enemy dared to trespass on this side of the wood? Hast thou been so foolish as to venture so far without an escort?" The Baron looked angry and anxious by turns.

"I fear me that I was too venturesome," returned Ulrica, her voice wavering once more. She dropped her eyes for a second. "But I bring good news as a result of my indiscretion. I overheard a conversation. Baron Hartstein and his men are going on an expedition to-night and the castle will be guarded only by a few men. To-morrow or the next day, when they return, they will make an attack here."

She stopped and watched the effect of her words.

"What!" roared her father, stamping up and down the room. "Do those ra cals fancy themselves so secure that they have the impudence to discuss their plans on the very borders of my own land?"

The question was not addressed to Ulrica in particular, so she did not feel called upon to answer, and contented herself with hinting that the coming night might be regarded as favourable to the fulfilment of the prediction.

"Thou art right, girl! To-night we will steal a march upon them, and when they return they will find themselves homeless. Ho, ho!" And the Baron indulged in a hearty laugh.

Ulrica smiled in a satisfied manner, and then proceeded to offer some further advice to her parent.

"I am not versed in these matters, father," she said in a coaxing tone, "but I think thou wouldst do well to take thy men by the left route from here. It seems to me that that route is easier; and I remember that thy last attack on Hartstein Castle, when thou didst take thy men by the other side, was a failure."

"It does not matter which side we attack," returned her father. "If they are away our task is all the easier. Still," he continued, as Ulrica was about to speak, "I think the left route will be the best."

"Oh, father!" cried his daughter in some anxiety, "do take the left route; I feel that success can be assured only by taking that road. Thou knowest I have warnings at times."

But Dummkopf was not quite convinced; he sent for his faithful lieutenant and conferred with him, Ulrica remaining in the room during the discussion. It was finally decided to adopt Ulrica's suggestion, and the girl went back to her own apartment with a sigh of relief.

* * * *

"Where hast thou been, my child?" asked Dummkopf late in the afternoon. "I have sought thee, but could not find thee."

"I have been towards the wood," replied Ulrica simply.

"Thou art too venturesome, Ulrica," exclaimed her father. "I fear me that thou wilt come to harm, if thou dost stray so far."

"Be not anxious for me, dear father. Am I not a Dummkopf?" returned Ulrica proudly. "I thought that if I were seen, it might allay suspicion should any have arisen in the minds of the Hartsteiners."

Dummkopf could say nothing to this, and thought it wise to let the matter drop.

Baron Dummkopf and his men set out for the attack on the enemy's stronghold at midnight; they calculated that they would reach the opposite fortress about half past one, as they would have to make a wide detour, and that by day-break—about two hours later—the banner of Hartstein would have been replaced by that of Dummkopf. The very thought that his banner would be seen floating over both fortresses, filled Baron Rudolf with fierce joy.

One solitary light was burning in Dummkopf Castle when its master departed; this was in Ulrica's bedchamber, one of the top rooms. The Baron, observing this, sent a retainer to warn his daughter that the light must be extinguished. The light could be seen in the clear air by the enemy, and he wished the Hartsteiners to believe that all were asleep save the sentinels.

Baron Rudolf and his men reached the foot of the opposite hill without incident, and at once began the ascent. They were to make the attack on the side by which they had approached, the Baron thinking that the best chance of success lay in an onslaught in full force at one point. The utmost caution was used in order that they might reach the walls without alarming the sentinel.

Fortune favoured them, for they arrived at the foot of the wall without being challenged. Up went the scaling ladders, and by the time that the sentinel had become aware that an

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She did not seem to be in the least troubled by the fact that she was a prisoner.

attack was being made, half a dozen Dummkopfers were over the wall and upon him.

There was really no fight at all; the Castle was guarded by scarcely a dozen men, and they at once realised the hopelessness of resistance.

"The prediction is fulfilled!" exclaimed Baron Rudolf in ecstasy. "Haul down that rag and put our own glorious banner in its place! And bring me some wine in the banqueting hall; we will celebrate this victory in royal fashion!"

In all broad Germany there was no better hand at celebrating anything and everything than Baron Rudolf von Dummkopf, and he proceeded to rise to this occasion. For an hour there were great doings in the Hartstein banqueting hall, by the end of which time the Dummkopfers felt as proud of their achievement as if they had conquered the whole country.

It must not be supposed that they omitted to take due precautions against surprise; the rank and file enjoyed the celebration at one end of the hall by batches, turn and turn about.

Baron Rudolf knew quite well that his task was not complete; the enemy would endeavour to re-capture the place, and the Dummkopfers would have to be divided so as to defend both fortresses, which would necessarily weaken the defence.

But the Baron was not a man to be scared by such difficulties; he knew that money and the promise of booty to be obtained by raiding the country would draw many men to his banner, and he would soon have a sufficient force in each Castle. On the other hand, as rats desert a sinking ship, the retainers of Baron von Hartstein would look round for another master when they discovered that their present lord had fallen from power. Dummkopf was quite sure of ultimate success.

The Baron's enjoyment was interrupted by the hasty entrance of his trusty lieutenant.

"My lord," cried he excitedly, "the Hartstein banner is waving over the Castle!"

"How so?" vociferated Dummkopf, starting to his feet and clutching his sword's handle. "Did I not command that it should be pulled down and mine hoisted in its place? Who has dared——?"

"I mean that the Hartstein banner is floating over Dummkopf Castle!" cried the bearer of this startling intelligence. "Look!"

The Baron rushed to the window, but the range was not wide enough; he mounted to the turret and looked towards his own home. There, sure enough, he saw the yellow flag

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of Dummkopf half-mast, with the red banner of Hartstein floating proudly above it. The rival Barons had captured each other's fortress.

At almost the same moment, the Lord of Hartstein, making his way to the turret of Dummkopf Castle so that he might look down with gloating eyes on the prize he had captured so easily while its protectors were away, started in horror and nearly fell into the grassland beneath as he saw the Dummkopf flag flying over his own residence.

He roared out an order for his son to join him, but it took two or three minutes to find that young warrior, who was ministering to the wants of a fair prisoner—who, to tell the truth, did not seem to be in the least troubled by the fact that she was a prisoner in the hands of her father's enemy. But then she was a Dummkopf!

Young Ludwig did not show nearly so much concern as his father at the turn which events had taken.

"We have gained nothing, and shall have to make an exchange," replied Ludwig.

"Thou hast no wit!" exclaimed his enraged father.

"Dost thou not know that a Hartstein never gives up anything? It's against our motto!"

"Then we must live here."

"But the golden goblet—has it not been said that if it passes from our hands we are undone? We must drive them out of Hartstein."

"How can we do that?" queried the dutiful son. "Ever since the last attack made by Baron Rudolf we have done our best to make our castle impregnable. And to spite us, he would smash the goblet!"

Arno von Hartstein groaned aloud. "What is to be done?" he asked. "We ought to have buried the goblet before we left!"

"We must make terms," answered Ludwig. "We have his daughter and his Castle! he has our goblet and our Castle. We must exchange; if he refuses, we threaten to kill his daughter."

"But we shall be giving up something—it is against our motto!" protested his father once more.

"We had better arrange to talk the matter over under a flag of truce," said Ludwig. "Perhaps we shall arrive at a satisfactory result."

"Be it so. How on earth did this happen? The raid, which thou didst overhear them talking about, Ludwig, must have been a proposed assault on Hartstein; what fools we have been! While we were coming one way, they were going the other." And again the Baron groaned.

While the Baron descended to the grounds to arrange for a parley, Ludwig went to see that the fair prisoner was safe. He gained admittance without difficulty and shut the door carefully behind him.

"Is everything working well?" asked Ulrica eagerly.

"Splendidly, dearest," replied Ludwig taking a seat beside her. "Now what is to be the next move?"

"I told thee that I could carry out this plot successfully," observed Ulrica confidently. "It was of no use trying to persuade our fathers to let us marry; they wouldn't have done it, so it was necessary to get up a little scheme. Come, confess! Was not my scheme a good one?"

"Excellent! My father took the bait even more readily than thine. I had some difficulty in getting to the wood to meet thee in the afternoon—I did not tell thee that, but it is all over now. When I saw the light of thy lantern at midnight, I was joyful—as no doubt thou wert to see mine. We are to have a parley with thy father and thou must be near at hand to help."

"He must agree," affirmed Ulrica, "for the goblet is safe. Hadst thou not hidden it, there would have been some trouble. My father will not betray the fact that he has not got it; he will pretend that he has it in his possession; otherwise he would expect thy father to drive too hard a bargain. Yes, the game is ours!"

The parley was of short duration. Dummkopf had not been able to find the golden goblet and knew that Hartstein had the better of him; but, as Ulrica had said, he pretended that he had it in order to make as good a bargain as he could. The feelings of the barons of those days were not very fine, but Dummkopf could not see his daughter sacrificed to no purpose, and he quite believed that she would fall a victim if he did not, so to speak, ransom her. But now there came a deadlock in the negotiations.

"Give me my goblet and call thy men from my Castle, and I will deliver thy daughter and thy Castle to thee," said Hartstein.

"Nay," was the reply. "Give me my daughter and call thy men from my Castle, and I will restore to thee that which belongs to thee." Dummkopf was a diplomatist you see.

Some wrangling now ensued; Hartstein

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Some wrangling now ensued; Hartstein would not give way, while Dummkopf was bound to stick to his conditions.

would not give way, while Dummkopf was bound to stick to his conditions in order not to betray his weakness. Just as it seemed as if the parley would end without result, Ulrica stepped forward.

She had been trying to attract the attention of Ludwig, but the latter appeared to be too intent on what was going on. So she took the matter into her own masterful hands.

"Let the son and daughter of the respective Houses decide this matter," she said. She was allowed to go to her father in order to confer with him, while Ludwig did the same with his parent.

In each case the conference generated some heat on the part of the elder, but gradually their features relaxed and a more contented look overspread them.

"Thou seest, dear father," said Ulrica in conclusion, "that if I marry Ludwig I not only get us both out of an awkward dilemma, but I shall unite the two families and bring about the fulfilment of the prediction."

"But thy husband will be the Lord of both Castles," began her father, "and I do not see—"

"He may be the Lord, but I shall be master," returned Ulrica in a tone that left no room for doubt. "Thou hast often told me that I am like my mother."

Dummkopf winced, but he recognised that there was a great deal of truth in it and finally consented.

Ludwig was equally successful with the Baron Arno. While the two bodies of retainers were shouting themselves hoarse over this unexpected termination, Ludwig contrived to slip away and restore the goblet to its customary place.

Baron Ludwig von Hartstein-Dummkopf became one of the most powerful barons of his time, but there is an unwritten tradition which says that his rise and his influence was due to his wife Ulrica.

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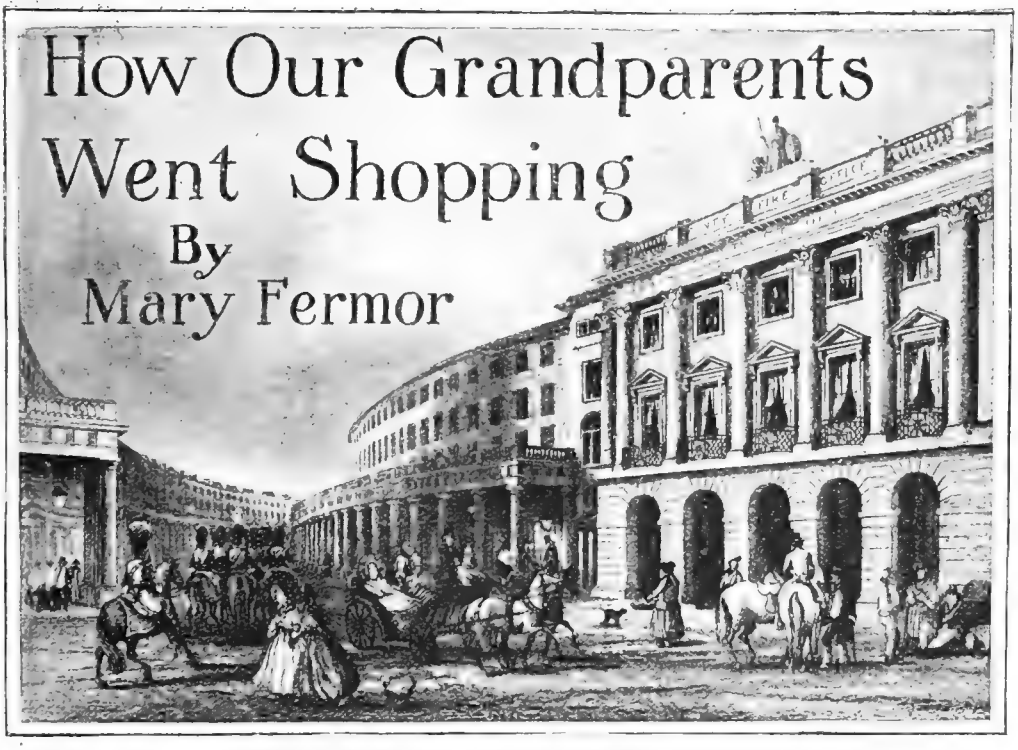
How Our Grandparents Went Shopping

By Mary Fermor



The Quadrant, Regent Street, as it appeared half a century ago.

It is far easier to say how our ancestors did *not* do their shopping, seeing that every-day private life was then allowed to remain private, and the ubiquitous, not-to-be-refused interviewer of to-day was yet unthought of. Of one thing we may be sure. They did everything with leisurely dignity. There were no trains to catch; neither telegrams nor telephone to spur them to instant action. Life moved for them with the stately measure of the minuet, whereas we, their descendants, are rushed through with the whirl of the express and the whizz of the "Wheel."

"My Lady" drove in her coach, with its heavy, handsome trappings and magnificent flunkeys, or she was carried in her sedan chair, ensconced behind the beautifully painted panels, to the toy-shop on Ludgate Hill, where she met her friends before their early dinner. There they killed time discussing the latest gossip, and viewing the various frivolities that stocked what we should call the bazaar. For there were all kinds of Eastern curiosities—fans, shawls, scarves, perfumes, combs, buckles, and dainty bits of old china—which were displayed by dames in hoops, powder, and patches, who were well versed in the arts of cajolery. Another day Madam would go to the mercer's, where, as Miss Burney tells us in "Evelina," there seemed to be "six or seven men in each shop, who all took care, by bowing and smirking, to be noticed, and who conducted the customers from room to room with much ceremony." They also showed considerable despatch, for "they promised her a complete suit of linen by the evening."

It seems to have been the fashion for gentlemen to accompany the fastidious dames on some of these expeditions, and "Punch's" distinction between "shopping" and "buying" held good, apparently, then as now. Cowper

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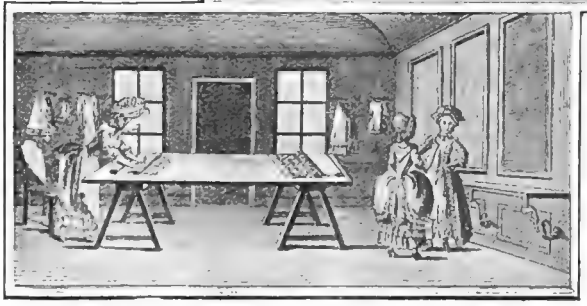
speaks with thinly veiled scorn of—

Him, who gives his noon
To Miss, the mercer's plague, from shop to shop
Wandering, and littering with unfolded silks
The polished counter, and approving none;
Or promising with smiles to "call again."

Holywell Street was at one time a famous locality for mercers' shops, with signs such as the *Half Moon*, *Indian Queen* and *Golden Ball;* but towards the close of the eighteenth century the trade changed to frippery and old clothes. The gay gallants were quite as good customers to the mercers as the ladies. Waistcoats of green and gold brocade, or blue shot with silver were quite the thing. Even Oliver Goldsmith visited his patients in purple silk small clothes, a scarlet roquelaure, a sword, and gold-headed cane; while a notorious highwayman went to Tyburn attired in blue and gold, with a white cockade worn as an emblem of innocence! There were men milliners as far back as the reign of Queen Anne, and those "Evelina" saw seem to have roused her scorn. "Such men, so finical and affected, they seemed to understand every part of a woman's dress better than we do ourselves!"



The interior of a linen-draper's a hundred years ago.

No lady of condition would have dreamed of wearing leather shoes with double soles. Nothing but the thinnest kid or satin was permissible, and the freaks of fashion — while being, if possible, more grotesque and extravagant than in our own day—never seem to have taken a practical, useful turn, such as the tailor-made coat and skirt.

The interior of a draper's shop more than a century ago.

Leadenhall Street at the beginning of the century, when it was a fashionable shopping thoroughfare for ladies.

During the reign of George III. simpler tastes had come into vogue. Under the influence of Queen Charlotte, who had a thrifty mind, cottons, muslins, and calicoes took the place of costlier fabrics. She told Miss Burney herself that she sent a servant, who was clever at bargaining, to buy her books at the stalls and booths in Moorfields and Holywell Street, and John Wolcot, a rather disrespectful poet, says, with reference to the royal pair and court ladies:

"Who, down at Windsor,
daily go a-shopping,
Their heads, so lovely,
into houses popping,
And doing wonders in
the haggling art.

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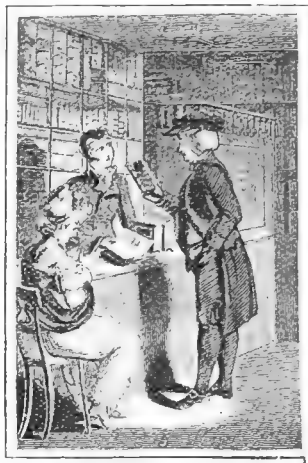
And why, in God's name, should not queens and kings
Purchase a comb or corkscrew, lace for cloaks,
Or pins or bobbins cheap as other folks?
Reader, to make thine eyes with wonder stare,
Farthings are not beneath the Royal Care!"

When the distress of the Spitalfields weavers was brought to her notice, the kindly queen laid aside her foreign silks, and wore only those of English manufacture, much to the annoyance of some of her ladies, who were loth to forego their fascinating French creations at her request. Mrs. Papendiek, assistant wardrobe keeper and reader to Her Majesty, tells us that there was no imitation lace in those times. Think of it, ye who haunt the lace departments on the "first day of the sale"! What they bought for ordinary dresses and common usages cost many shillings a yard, while a "drawing-room suit" could not be obtained under 70*s.* But here we reap the benefit, for such purchases became heirlooms. The same lady assures us that fashion did not demand a constant supply of new things. A silk dress might go on for years, even at Court, and "the neatest and smartest appearance produced on the smallest amount of expenditure was a matter of comment and praise."

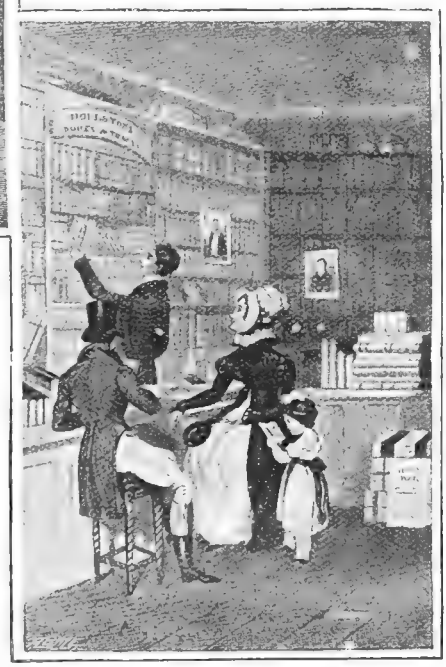


A bookshop in Dr. Johnson's time.

With regard to articles for daily consumption, Mrs. Papendiek tells us that meat, taken as a whole, was 5*d.* a pound; a fowl cost 9*d.* or 1*s.*; a quartern loaf was 4*d.*; sugar, 4*d.* per lb.; tea 6*s.* and upwards.

The first green peas of the season were sold at Covent Garden Market in April, 1793, for 12*s.* a pottle, and two years later seakale was advertised as "a new culinary vegetable." In July, 1799, lemons were 1*s.* apiece. Butcher's and fishmonger's shops do not appear to have changed materially. There was a famous fish shop at Temple Bar Without kept by Crockford, who there made money enough to migrate to St. James's Street, where he founded the smart club that bore his name. Meat used to be delivered by boys on horseback, who rode at breakneck speed, with one stirrup and their trays fastened on in front of their curious shaped saddles. These boys had a holiday on the 26th of April (the Duke of Cumberland's birthday), when they paraded the streets in white caps and aprons, each beating time upon a cleaver with a marrow bone.

The thrifty citizen's wife who sallied forth a-shopping was attended by her serving maid, or possibly one of her husband's apprentices, and found the streets thronged by hawkers of every description. Many of the good thoroughfares looked then much as Whitechapel High Street and the Borough do now on a Saturday night. The shops were small and dark, overshadowed by the projecting upper stories, and only the more thriving ones were closed with glass windows. In 1762 the old swinging sign-boards were ordered to be removed from the parish of Westminster, and many were then affixed to the buildings. For when reading was not an universal



A bookshop at the period of the Regency.

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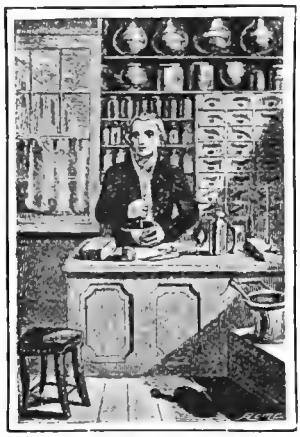
accomplishment among the masses, it was necessary to have a distinctive feature by which such and such a shop could be speedily singled out by a messenger; and, though many of these signs were gaudy and extravagant, others were the work of such men as Cipriani and his fellow academicians. Coach painters also did some of the best sign-boards, but, as numbers were given to the houses, the old trade symbols gra lually disappeared from all but the taverns and eating-houses.

A favourite sign for snuff vendors was the *Crown and Rasp*, as at Fribourg and Treyer's in Pall Mall. The oldest way of taking snuff was to rasp it off the dry root of the tobacco plant, and these rasps, which were carried in the waistcoat pocket, became costly and valuable toys in the hands of fashionable dandies. It was owing to the "braw laddie's" avowed predilection for whiskey and snuff that his stalwart form so often figured above tobacconists' shops and tavern doors.

M. Grosley, a French traveller, describing his visit to London in 1765, says: "The shops in Cheapside, the Strand, Ludgate, and Holborn are all brilliant and gay, as well on account of things sold in them as the exact order in which they are kept, so that they make a most splendid show, greatly superior to anything of the kind in Paris. Nothing can exceed the splendour of the goldsmiths' shops. The goods are displayed in glass cases, though plate in England is less for use than for parade, porcelain being the fashion." He was shown a pair of scissors, ornamented with plates of filigrane, mounted with brilliants, price fifteen guineas.



The interior of an early Victorian chemist's establishment.

In the advertisement of Mr. Whitchurch, peruke maker, of Bristol, we are taken back to the days when the Hotwells was considered an invigorating watering-place, and health and diversion were sought in the baths and pump room by the jaded men and women of fashion. As the worthy Whitchurch announces, he combined the duties of surgeon and dentist with that of hairdresser. The red pole that marked a barber's shop was no empty symbol, for it was grasped by the patient in his moments of agony, and the colour was chosen because of the stains that might otherwise be visible. When fashion decreed that wigs were to be discarded, the peruke makers saw starvation staring them in the face, and presented a petition to the king in 1765, complaining of the loss of their trade owing to gentlemen wearing their own hair and employing foreigners to dress it. It is on record that Lord Scarborough—a *jessamy*, or eighteenth century masher—kept five French frizeurs in his service. The hairdresser was indispensable to both sexes so long as powder was worn, and none but a practised hand could have reared such an erection as that under which the "*Lady in Full Dress, August, 1770*," sails into the ball room. *Rouland*, or Rowland, of Macassar oil fame, had a shop under the Thatched House Tavern, in St. James's Street, where he was largely patronised by the young bloods, whose locks he cut for five shillings apiece, and out of whose necessities and vanities he made a large fortune.

In the above-named year a gentleman went into Warren's perfume shop in Coventry Street, and asked, with evident incredulity, for a pair of "*Chicken-skin gloves*." The shopman gravely produced them, and explained to his surprised customer that they had been so named by the ladies in Vienna "because of their innocent and effectual quality in making the hands and arms white and clear, soft and smooth." He further stated that they were much in vogue with men of fashion and officers in the army who had to serve his Majesty under scorching suns. Has their secret been preserved, I wonder?

Twelfth Day was the gala of the pastry cooks and confectioners. The greater part of the day was spent in adorning the windows with every conceivable form of appetising cake, in a marvellous variety of shape, size, and make. Then towards dusk the display was lighted up, to the joy of the gazing children and the assembled crowd. The street urchins had a playful way of nailing the garments of the engrossed shop-gazers to the wooden window frame, or, failing that,

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would pin the clothes of two or three persons firmly together, and watch the struggles of the intending purchasers with unbridled glee, which the constables of those days do not seem to have overawed.

We must not leave the shops of former days without a glance at the booksellers—the famous Dodsley's, for instance — with its "bulged and clumsily framed greenish window panes, the books in the dark shop bound in homely calf, with a few *wooden cuts* to illustrate them." In that dim light and limited space the literary giants of the day used to meet and chat and do business—Pope, Gray, Johnson, Burke, Walpole, and Chesterfield, all passed in and out under the sign of *Tully's Head*—and poor students used to pay a few pence to be allowed to read the precious volumes that were far beyond their slender purse. From this small beginning has sprung the gigantic network of circulating libraries which are now, perhaps, more the delight of the leisured than the solace of the studious.

An early Victorian linen-draper.

Mr. J. C. Jeaffreson speaks of a "general shop" at Framlingham in 1814, where grocery, drapery, cheese, butter, eggs, candles, tobacco, snuff, beaver hats, felt caps, umbrellas, gloves of all sorts, hair powder, and hosiery were sold, and in which the proprietor had made sufficient money to act as banker in accordance with a long-established custom in many parts of the country. He transacted his financial business in a little dark counting-house behind the shop, though he never issued notes nor styled himself a banker.

A confectioner's shop at th beginning of the century.

Such tradesmen generally invested their savings in land, and after educating their sons for one of the learned professions—medicine, the bar, the pulpit—and portioning their daughters in marriage, would leave some twenty or thirty thousand pounds behind them. That golden age was long, long before the improved means of communication with the capital and other large cities tempted the country landowners to spend their hardly earned money away from home. Times have changed, indeed, and times are changing! What would our great-grandparents say to an up-to-date "day's shopping?" And what would we, who trip so airily up and down Bond Street and Regent Street—what would we say, I wonder, could we see our descendants of future generations buying their clothes and food and books? Impossible for me to prophesy, I being neither Mr. Baxter or Mr. Wells. But so much is certain—shops and shopping will change just as vastly in the next hundred years as they have since the opening years of the nineteenth century.

A fish shop about the time of the Queen's accession.

A dressmaker's establishment in 1820.

Google

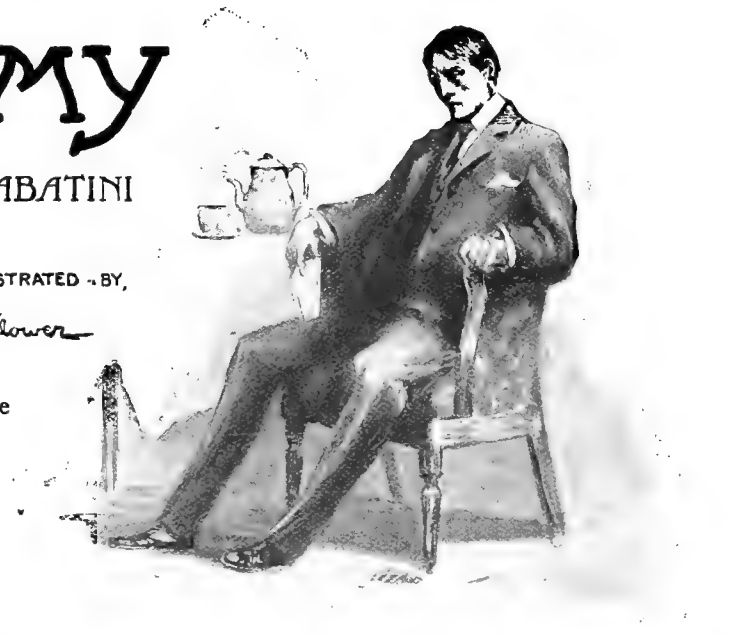
TOMMY

BY

RAPHAEL · SABATINI

ILLUSTRATED BY

Clement Flower



At the time that Uncle Harry was thirty-five, I was just bordering upon eighteen, with that vast knowledge of the world peculiar to my age, an appetite that was rather more than healthy, and a moustache of whose existence I alone seemed cognisant.

We went just then—Uncle Harry and I—to live at Stollbridge, in a large, old-fashioned house on the river. There was a lawn that ran down to the very water's edge, and an empty boathouse. By dint of endless blandishments I induced Uncle Harry to put a Canadian canoe into it, and after I had upset the beastly thing four times on four successive days, I began to master the art of keeping it right side upwards with a fair degree of success. In the process I ruined four suits of clothes, and five pounds' worth of upholstery with which the boat had been fitted; I lost a gold watch, a silver cigarette case, four six shilling novels and no end of self-respect.

Uncle Harry pointed out in the most discourteous manner imaginable that my four shipwrecks had cost something like fifty pounds, and consigned the canoe to a remote, torrid zone that is not to be found on any Christian school maps.

"Let me catch you again bringing half the river into the house in your clothes," he wound up, "and I'll burn that infernal boat of yours."

His words sank deep into my heart, for at the time there were more reasons than one why I should desire to retain the canoe. The most potent reason of all was Tommy. Her real name was Amy Learoyd, but everybody called her Tommy. She was the bonniest maid conceivable; the very incarnation of Gilbert's "Beautiful English Girl;" healthy in limb and mind, rosy of cheek, and merry of eye, with a laugh that was good to hear, and she laughed often—at me.

We had met at Buxton a couple of years before, and at the time—precocious urchin that I was—I had fallen badly in love. But we had gone our different ways, and at sixteen one's memory is short in such matters. When I came to make the discovery, however, that the Learoyds were the occupants of Holt House—some three miles up the river—my recollections were stirred up, and kindled in me a burning desire to renew our acquaintance.

I became a very constant visitor at the Learoyd's, and for a while I was content that Tommy should teach me to play tennis as tennis should *not* be played. Then followed the canoe episodes, and finally when I had, as I have shown, mastered the thing, it occurred to me that it would be exceedingly pleasant if, in return for her tennis lessons, I were to teach Tommy to paddle.

Accordingly I made my way up stream one bright summer afternoon, and found Tommy sitting on the low wall of her garden, in a white gown that defies description. I did not mention the little mishaps that I had recently encountered; such a task I took to be both unnecessary and unprofitable. Her mind jumped at the idea, just as

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her body would have jumped into the canoe, had I not imbued her with a due sense of the caution necessary to effect a dry and successful embarkation.

"How delightfully comfortable," she purred, as she sank back on to the gaudy, new cushions, which I had brought out partly to do her honour, and partly because the wishy-washy appearance of the others told a story that might have shaken her confidence in my skill. "How delightfully comfortable! You dear, thoughtful man."

Our trip was in every respect a success, and it is not surprising that it should have been followed by several other equally successful ones, until at the end of about a month I became so rabidly in love that I began to take a serious view of things, and —although Tommy was four years my senior —to look at life as one long, delightful journey *à deux* in a Canadian canoe.

The impending crisis was unexpectedly accelerated by Uncle Harry one evening at dinner. He had been rather silent during the meal, and whenever he chanced to address me it was with an asperity of tone that was not calculated to render our board a festive one. As soon as Stephen—his jack-of-all-trades of a servant—had left the room, he fired his bomb.

"I want to say a word or two on a rather painful subject, Charles, if you will be good enough to listen."

Urbane and polished though he always was, there was a strained politeness about him then that augured anything but well.

"Ye—es," I ventured.

"I saw you on the river to-day, about a mile above Holt House. I don't think you saw me; I was on the steam launch"—he alluded to a noisy little steamer that did a ferry service up and down the river.

"You were not alone," he added impressively.

"No—o, uncle." In my heart I was glad he had found me out. He was saving me a lot of ice-breaking.

"You had a—er—female with you."

The disrespectful epithet, which he had chosen with great care, was decidedly discouraging. Nevertheless, I overlooked the fact at the moment, and made the rapturous exclamation:

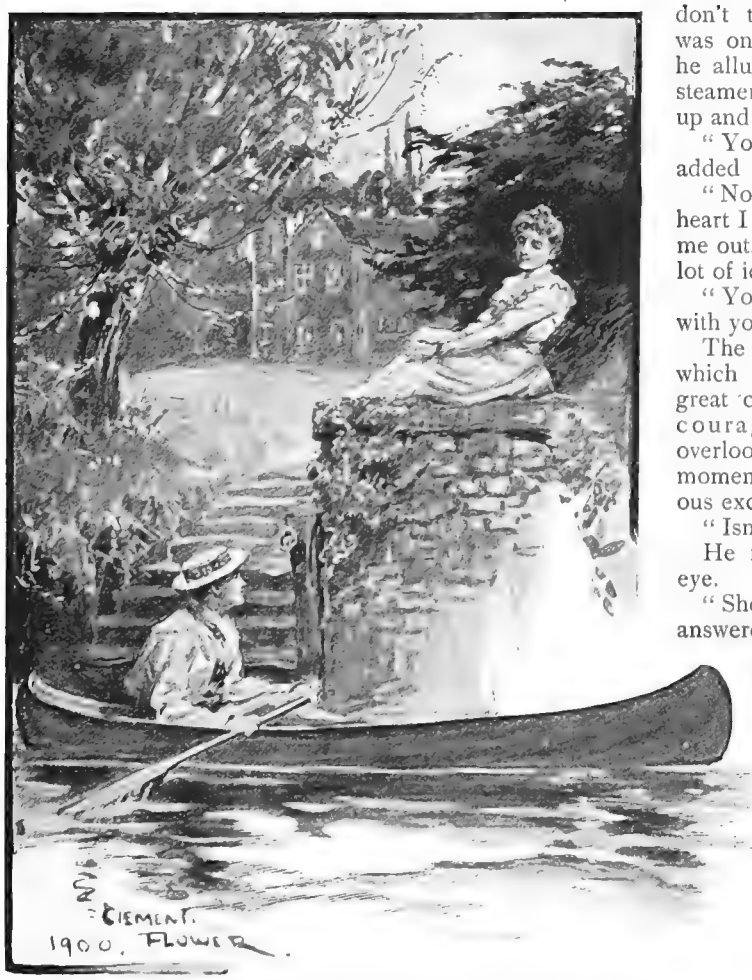
"Isn't she lovely, uncle?"

He fixed me with a severe eye.

"She may be ravishing," he answered with biting sarcasm; "nevertheless, you are committing the gravest of errors if you imagine that I approach so painful a subject for the purpose of discussing this — er — person's charms."

"But, uncle——"

"One moment, *if* you please. I wish you to understand, Charles, that I have



I found Tommy sitting on the low wall of her garden.

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"A woman, Charles, as you will learn when you are older, is a creature who preys upon men of weak intellect."

cause to be displeased with you. You have not behaved with that uprightness characteristic—on your mother's side at least—of the family to which you have the honour to belong. You have led me to believe that these long excursions of yours in the canoe, which in a moment of weakness I purchased for you, were undertaken so that out in the open air you might, by reading, make amends for the years that you wasted at College. I do not say that you have deliberately told me an untruth, but you have suppressed the truth, which amounts to much the same thing."

"But, uncle——"

"Interrupt me once again," he said calmly, "and I shall give orders for your canoe to be broken up for firewood." Uncle Harry had the faculty of calmness largely developed. He would deliver himself of the most scathing speech conceivable without permitting a muscle of his face to move, and without altering in the least the monotonous inflection of his level tones.

"I do not wish, Charles, to be under the unpleasant necessity of again reverting to this distasteful topic, and I shall look to you not to give me cause to do so. To ensure for myself the peace I seek, and to which I believe myself entitled, I ask you now, Charles, to give me your word that you will not again permit yourself to repeat the folly which I had the misfortune to witness this afternoon."

"I am very sorry, sir, but I can't promise," I answered boldly. "I couldn't keep my word if I were to give it. I am glad in a way that you mentioned the matter, uncle, because I intended to have spoken of it to-night. I wish to—to ask you to sanction my engagement to——"

"*Charles!*" he burst out excitedly. Then suddenly recovering himself: "Please say no more," he continued. "Forgive me if I call you an idiot and if I bewail the fact that you are my nephew. Definitely allow me to answer that *nothing* could ever induce me to sanction such an act of folly. You are eighteen years old—an infant at law, and a baby in intelligence—and you wish to become engaged to the first scheming petticoat you come across! If you were not my nephew, my sister's son, I should laugh at you. Unfortunately our relationship denies me even that scant satisfaction."

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"But uncle——" I cried indignantly, "you are most unreasonable. She is Miss——"

"I have not the least desire in the world to know who she is," he interrupted, rising. "She is a woman. A woman, Charles, as you will learn when you are older, is a creature that preys upon men of weak intellect with the object of inducing them to commit against themselves the crime of matrimony." He pushed his chair forward, and leaning over the back of it—"Let me hear no more of this, Charles," he said with sudden sternness. "Since you won't give me the promise I ask of you, understand at least that I forbid—utterly forbid—the continuance of these clandestine meetings. Let me see or hear of a repetition, and I shall effectively stop matters by sending you out to your brother, in Jamaica; and in Jamaica you shall remain until you have reached the age of manhood—the age of reason, I am afraid, you will never reach. I am going into the garden."

The threat to send me to Jamaica had been worn too threadbare to inspire much fear. I had heard it about once a week, on an average, ever since I had lived at my uncle's mercy, so that I came to look for it as the peroration in each reproving discourse to which he treated me.

Nevertheless, three days went by before I again launched the canoe. Uncle Harry was nowhere to be seen; in fact, I believed him to have gone into the town. But suddenly, just as I was pushing off:

"Charles," came his voice from the lawn behind me, "I trust that you will bear in mind our conversation of Tuesday night."

"All right, Uncle Harry," I shouted back, as I got out into the middle of the stream, and then made off as fast as I could drive the boat. And as I went I made up my mind that with my uncle's sanction or without it I would propose to Tommy Learoyd before I returned home that evening.

The lawn at Holt House was deserted when I got there, so landing and drawing up the canoe, I went in quest of the family, as it seemed probable that where the family was there would Tommy be. I found them in the tennis court at the back—the two girls, Mrs. Learoyd, and a young man from town with yellow hair, whom Tommy was teaching to play tennis. That girl never wasted a chance of teaching a man tennis.

"Hullo!" she cried when she caught sight of me, then added in a breath, "Forty, love," followed by her inevitable laugh.

After that ladylike and affectionate greeting, there was nothing left for me but to drop into a wicker chair besides Mrs. Learoyd and listen to her dissertation upon that profound and many-sided question—the weather.

At last the set was over, and Tommy came across to where we sat, flushed with victory and exertion, and bringing her defeated and perspiring opponent with her, she introduced him to me as Mr. Palethorpe.

"Did you bring the canoe?" she asked me.

"Yes. I thought that you might like a *ride*."

"So I should." Then turning to Palethorpe, "I can paddle beautifully," she declared with touching modesty. "I'll take you out after tea."

"That would be delightfully cool," said Palethorpe.

Of course, I professed myself delighted with the arrangement, and after tea I assisted them into the boat, and pushed them off; then I sat down in solitude by a clump of bushes, and set myself to evoke untold blessing upon the iniquitous soul of Leslie Palethorpe.

Some fifty yards below Holt House the river took a sharp curve to the right, and round this curve at the moment came a man in a whiff, pulling as if he had a train to catch.

"So long, Charlie," Tommy sang out as she headed the boat up stream. "You can think about me until we come back. We won't be long."

Palethorpe declared that it "was an awfully jolly boat," smiled a feeble smile, and waved a feeble hand at me, then, happening to catch a glimpse of the man in the whiff—

"Boat ahead!" he yelled in terror.

"Look out!" I shouted from the bank.

The next instant there was a crash, followed by an oath from the man in the whiff, a cry of alarm from Tommy, a terrified gurgle from Palethorpe, and a terrific splash from all three. I beheld a vision of Palethorpe's white face and straw-coloured hair, then that of a pair of black trouser legs, as he disappeared. He came up again and clutching wildly at the capsized canoe, spluttered and gasped for a moment, then set up a lusty yell for help.

I plucked off my shoes and was on the point of going in to render assistance, when suddenly a glimpse of the face of him who had brought about the disaster—the man in the whiff—brought me to a standstill. *It was Uncle Harry!*

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All idea of rescuing anybody left me forthwith. With visions of Jamaica surging up before me, and forgetful of all else, I crawled behind the bushes, and thence I watched the strugglers in the water.

Uncle Harry, who was a good swimmer, took in the situation at a glance, and naturally turned his first attention to the lady. But Tommy called him to look after Palethorpe, who was drowning, and struck out for land unaided.

From behind the bush I watched her undignified struggles as she crawled up the bank, but I didn't dare to venture out to assist her. She must have been puzzled to account for my abrupt disappearance, and presently as she stood up—looking as a mermaid might look, if mermaids wore twentieth century gowns and twentieth century millinery, and crawled up banks of twentieth century mud—she glanced about her with an expression of surprise that I could easily account for.

"Tommy," I whispered from my shelter. "Tommy—hush!" I added raising my forefinger to my lips as she caught sight of me. "Awfully sorry for you, but I must be off. Send someone to get the canoe out. I'll come back in an hour or so and explain. Run in and get dry things on. Hush!"

She gave me a long puzzled stare as if doubting my sanity, whilst I—keeping the bush between myself and my uncle's range of sight—retreated on all fours until I reached the hedge; then, stooping, I sped along under its protecting cover. At another clump of bushes about a hundred yards from the scene of the disaster, I halted, and set myself to watch Uncle Harry's rescue of the wretched Palethorpe.

I saw Mrs. Learoyd come hurrying down the lawn, followed by Miss Learoyd, the butler and the gardener. Tommy spoke to the latter pointing to the canoe and the whiff which were floating down stream, and forthwith the man got into the dinghy, which was moored by the steps, and gave chase.

Palethorpe and Tommy proceeded disconsolately and inelegantly towards the house, leaving Uncle Harry on the lawn with Mrs. Learoyd who was talking with great vigour—yet keeping a fair distance from her dripping companion. I didn't know whether she was treating him to a lecture on careless sculling or inviting him to go inside and make an exhibition of himself in some of Papa Learoyd's clothes. Presently, however, when the gardener returned with the two boats in tow, the whiff must have been found unfit for use, for after examining it and further talking with Mrs. Learoyd, Uncle Harry got into the dinghy, and taking the sculls, he set out to return to Stollbridge, wet as he was.

When he was *quite* gone I came out of my ambush and retraced my steps.

But my mind was singularly barren that evening, and when presently Tommy did

From behind the bush I watched her undignified struggles,

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reappear, wearing dry clothes and a face that was serious to the point of anger, I was still without the shadow of an idea.

"So you are there yet, are you?" was her greeting.

"I certainly am here," I answered, seeking refuge in banter, "and it only shows the lack of confidence you have in your own eyesight when you ask the question."

"Dear me! Well, to tell you the truth, I find it hard to believe my eyes after what they showed me this afternoon. You said that you would explain."

"That, my dear Tom, is precisely what I *can't* do."

She looked down at me as I lay on the grass at her feet, and her eyes were full of surprise and severity.

"You *can't*? Do you mean to say that you had no motive for behaving as you did—for behaving like a coward? Hiding yourself when people were struggling in the water, in danger of drowning?"

"You were not in danger."

"You didn't know *that*. Anyway, poor Mr. Palethorpe *was*. What if he had been drowned?"

"I should say from what little I have seen of Mr. Palethorpe that such a contingency might have given rise to considerable rejoicing," I answered, adopting Uncle Harry's best style of satire.

"How very witty!" she commented in scathing accents. Then, after a pause: "It's a good thing," she said, "that there are a few such men as Mr. Pomeroy."

"I don't at all agree with you. If it were not for such men as Mr. Pomeroy who fancy that they can scull, there would have been no accident."

"Oh! You are insufferable! Instead of feeling shame for being a coward, you actually have the audacity to speak slightingly of a brave man."

"I'm not a coward."

"Then what are you? Why did you behave like one?"

Clearly she was ignorant of the fact that Mr. Pomeroy was my uncle and guardian. How then could I confess to her—to her whom I had that day intended to ask to become my wife—that I had hidden because I was afraid of Uncle Harry?

"Well?" she inquired presently. "Are you going to explain?"

"But, my dear Tommy——"

"Will you explain, or will you not?"

She was very pretty, and whilst her beauty almost drew the explanation from me, yet at the same time, the knowledge that she would only laugh at me, made me withhold it.

"Good-bye, Mr. Burton," she said, seeing that I did not answer. "I am very disappointed in you, and I don't wish to ever see you again."

And with that she turned on her heel and hurried off towards the house. In an instant I was upon my feet. At all costs I must pocket my pride and tell her what there was to be told, sooner than allow myself to be dismissed in this fashion.

"Tommy!" I cried as I started to follow. But she didn't answer, and at that moment the infernal Palethorpe appeared on the scene. My chance was gone.

When I reached home, I found my uncle walking about the garden, and looking none the worse for his immersion.

"Where the blazes have you been, sir?" was his greeting.

"Been?" I echoed. "Been boating."

"You are not to go boating any more."

"Oh I say, Uncle Harry——"

"Hold your tongue." He stood before me in the most bellicose attitude that I ever saw him assume. "This afternooon I went up the river in a whiff to look for you. I wished to ascertain whether you still followed the undesirable pursuit in which I surprised you some days ago."

"Well, sir," I answered hotly, "I hope you were satisfied with your investigations."

There was an unfortunate inflection in my voice that awakened Uncle Harry's suspicions.

"What do you mean, Charles?"

"That I hope you consider yourself becomingly repaid for your trouble by the bathe you enjoyed."

Uncle Harry winced.

"Charles, you forget yourself. You are impertinent. Did you see the accident?"

"See it? Good Heavens, no," I answered without a blush.

"Then how do you know about it?"

"How? Why the whole river is talking of nothing but Mr. Pomeroy's ducking. I heard about it at Widenham ferry. Pooh, I expect it's all over Stollbridge by now, and you'll probably find a highly coloured paragraph on the subject in to-morrow's 'Chronicle.'"

Uncle Harry flushed for once in his life. He could not endure ridicule.

"It amuses you, does it?" he said savagely. "It amuses you that your uncle is to become

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the laughing-stock of the place, and that a rag of a provincial newspaper shall advertise his misadventure? But why does this take place? Because I have a jackanapes of a nephew who is not to be trusted, who contracts undesirable acquaintances, with idiotic views of matrimony, and on whom I have, out of a sense of duty to his deceased mother, to keep a sharp eye, so that he shall not make a fool of himself. Very well, sir. Stollbridge may laugh till its sides ache. But it shan't laugh a second time, for I shall pack you off to town next week for good—for good, do you understand?"

"Oh, very well," I answered indifferently. I felt indifferent. What did it matter whether I remained in Stollbridge or not? As a matter of fact, I was glad to leave the place. It had ceased to attract me.

Uncle Harry kept his word, and next morning he busied himself making arrangements with some distant relatives of ours in London for my removal thither. He went out in the dinghy after lunch, and I naturally supposed that he was taking it back to Holt House. When he returned (afoot) he was late for dinner, and I fully expected that at Holt House he had learned all there was to learn. As, however, he had nothing to say when he returned, I saw that I was mistaken, and that the Learoyds had never thought of connecting Mr. Pomeroy with Charlie Burton.

On the following day, which was Friday, he surprised me by going out in the canoe after lunch. Possibly because he wished to make sure that I didn't use it, and possibly because he wanted to get away from me, as our somewhat strained relations made association painful. Again he was late for dinner. On the Saturday the same programme was observed, and yet again on Sunday.

On the Monday I left for town. My uncle relented somewhat at parting, and whilst giving me the usual valedictory advice, he forbore—I imagined out of delicate consideration for my feelings to caution me in the usual manner against the insidious wiles of woman.

Three days before Christmas—six months after my departure from Stollbridge—there were two letters beside my plate at breakfast that drew my most particu'ar attention.

The first one that I opened was from Uncle Harry and contained a generous cheque for a Christmas card. Its contents amazed me.

My dear Charlie,—I want you to come and spend Christmas with me at Stollbridge. It will be my last bachelor Christmas, for even your uncle has fallen a victim to those snares against which he took such pains to warn you. This may surprise you, but not half so much as will the letter your future aunt is writing to you.—Your fond Uncle—HARRY.

The other letter which I tore open with trembling fingers ran:

My dear Charlie,—Will you be very much astonished to hear that I am going to marry your Uncle Harry next spring? Isn't it funny? I only learnt the other day that he was your uncle, and I *was* amazed. It all began that day he upset us and saved Mr. Palethorpe's life. He became a constant visitor after that. He happened to speak of you the other day, and of course I was very inquisitive, and—well I understood at last why you behaved so curiously on the day of the accident. My poor Charlie, I was very horrid with you that day, and I haven't seen you since. Never mind, I'll make you a splendid aunt.

Your uncle tells me that you are coming to Stollbridge for Christmas. You must come and see me.—Yours affectionately,

TOMMY LEAROYD.

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SPORT IN THE NAVY

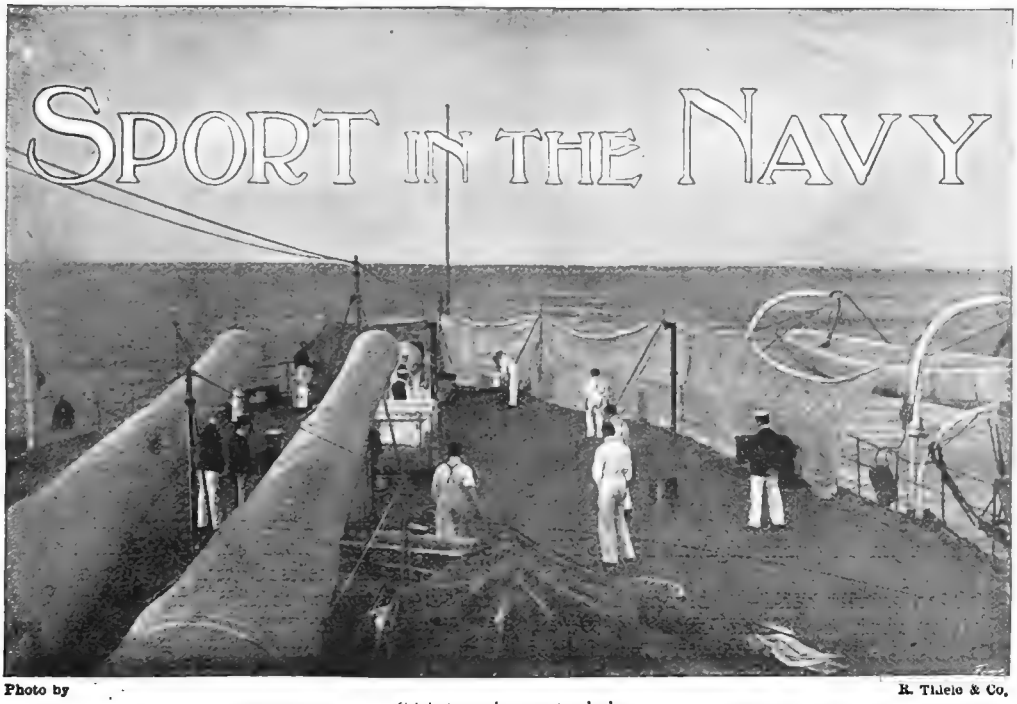

Photo by R. Thiele & Co.

Cricket on the quarter-deck.

By Archibald S. Hurd.

Being One of a Series of Articles on "How the Navy is Run."

The British bluejacket and his masters are essentially sportsmen, honest, open-hearted, and, as a rule, generous to the point of thriftlessness. It is an old saying, but none the less true, that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, and the Admiralty, wiser far than many of their armchair critics, has always encouraged sport in the senior service of the Queen. The admirals of the squadrons and their captains are never too old to take an interest in the amusements of the officers and men under them, and the result is that whether it be merely a game of leapfrog on the deck of his ship, or a football match in which the whole fleet is interested, the naval man or boy throws himself into the diversion of the passing hour with enthusiasm, and with the same dauntless courage and persistency in face of adverse circumstances that he shows on active service, whether the road to Pekin, the sand-swept Soudan, or the hill country of northern Natal is the scene of his activities. He is always in earnest, always cheerful, and knows how to accept defeat, though it takes a good deal to convince him that he is beaten. Wellington may or may not have said that the battle of Waterloo was won on the playgrounds of Eton, but it is quite certain that the men who have gained the admiration of the world by their conduct at Ladysmith, in China, and on the fever-infested swamps of West Africa obtained the nerve, courage, and capacity for endurance in the playing fields of the naval training ships dotted round the coast of the United Kingdom and Ireland, and on the cricket and football grounds of the cadet's ship *Britannia* at Dartmouth.

The newly-caught recruit, the "green" engineer student at Keyham College, and the "naval baby" of the executive branch at Dartmouth, all learn very early in their careers that *mens sana in corpore sano* is the motto of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. For the future bluejacket there are cricket, football, gymnastics, rowing, and swimming, and he learns at an early stage how to handle his gun and single stick with greater facility than he can hold his pen, though in these days the handy man is no dunce. Every summer picked crews have opportunities of taking part

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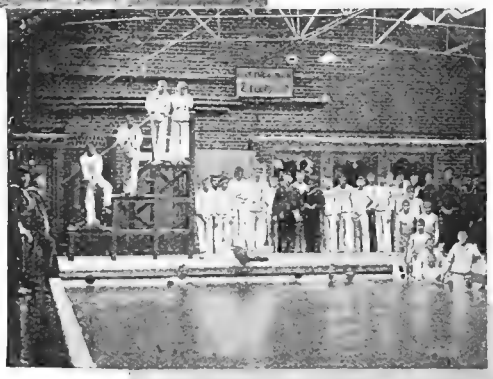
Naval sports—a sack race.

in regattas, and the best rowers champion their respective vessels in the annual race for the challenge cup, which is held for twelve months by the crew of the training ship that can get together the most expert oarsmen. At Keyham College, at Devonport, there is the same encouragement to the students to participate in field sports, but it is at Dartmouth that the Admiralty do most to inculcate the sporting instinct.

High above the picturesque river Dart, where the *Britannia* and *Hindustani* and their consorts are moored, the cadets have a magnificent ground for recreation that once formed part of the estate of Sir Walter Raleigh, and here they play cricket, football, and tennis. Lower down are the kennels, recently rebuilt by the authorities, of the famous Beagles. Once or twice a week, in the winter months, these pretty little hounds lead the cadets over the country side in hot pursuit of the swift-footed hare, and glorious runs are often obtained. Still lower down the hillside, and near the water's edge, are the gymnasium, the asphalte tennis ground, the fives courts, the bathing and swimming stages, and many rowing boats, besides some larger craft for sailing. However parsimonious the Admiralty may be in some respects, it cannot be said to deny the cadets anything which is likely to conduce to their physical well-being, and make them sportsmen in the best sense of that word.



A swimming match.

Photos by Stephen Cribb.

The final in a tug-of-war.

The result is that the executive officers of the fleet have the instincts of gentlemen who love sport for its own sake, even if they do not all remain sportsmen in practice. At the time that Admiral Palliser was in command of the Pacific Station, and the cry was raised that we needed younger men to direct our squadrons, he was taking part in football matches, despite his nearly sixty years. Slightly older again was Admiral Sir Edmund Fremantle—the pluckiest officer in the Navy, as his Humane Society medals show—when he was seized with a desire to learn to cycle, and he did not rest until he had mastered this essentially modern means of locomotion. Admiral Sir Michael Culme Seymour, Vice-Admiral Field, and many other flag officers, who will never celebrate again their sixtieth birthdays, are almost as at home on the cycle as they are on the quarter-deck.

After the officers and men leave the naval nurseries, they find that the opportunities for healthy recreation do not decrease. At the "schools," where they learn how to lay a gun and discharge a torpedo, there are splendid facilities for those who wish to enjoy a game of football or cricket. At Whale Island, the greatest gunnery establishment in the world, there is the largest cricket ground in the United Kingdom, beautifully laid out, and always kept in perfect condition. But possibly the most remarkable infatuation of the modern bluejacket and his officer is for

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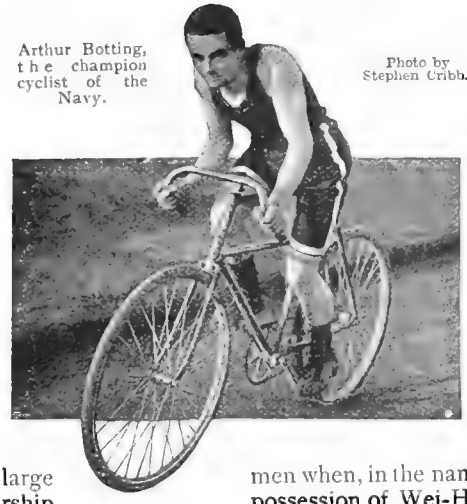
the cycle. Although at first sight it might be thought that his flapping trousers and swinging gait would unfit him for cycling, the handy man has surmounted all difficulties, and has included the wheel among his favourite athletic recreations. At the torpedo school ship *Vernon* at Whale Island, at the gunnery ship *Cambridge*, at the Naval Depôt at Chatham, and at other naval centres there are large cycling clubs, and no warship of any size ever goes to sea without a selection of cycles. Some battleships carry as many as fifty, and keep them handy for a spin ashore when opportunities offer.



Arthur Botting, the champion cyclist of the Navy.

Photo by Stephen Cribb.

As Jack and his officers are trained to use their bodies in a sportsmanlike way at home, they insist on proper facilities wherever they may be, and, if these do not already exist, promptly set to work and create them, however great the obstacle may be. It goes without saying that the officers frequently rig up a screen on the upper deck, as do passengers on ocean liners, and with a dummy 100lb. shell or something of about the same size for wicket, and a more or less degenerate ball, enjoy primitive games of cricket, not rarely sending the ball into the sea. Horizontal bars are also sometimes brought on to the deck.

But these are poor substitutes for the vigorous exercise that the complements of her Majesty's ships are accustomed to from their earliest years, and they welcome the sight of land. One of the first acts of the naval men when, in the name of the Queen, they took possession of Wei-Hai-Wei, was to set to work in hot haste and level and lay out a recreation ground. On an earlier occasion when the authorities made an arrangement for the vessels of the Mediterranean Squadron to carry out their torpedo drills in the Bay of

A three-legged race, one hundred yards, for seamen undergoing instruction on H.M.S. *Excellent*.

Photos by Stephen Cribb.

Mounted *mêlée* of the bluejackets of two ironclads. The men fight till the plumes of coloured paper are struck off.

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Platea, off the coast of Greece, Jack was not long in casting his eyes round for some place ashore which he could transform into a sports ground. The Grecian authorities raised no difficulties, and consequently the men of the Fleet quickly rendered the surface level of a spot that took their fancy, and with cinders from the ships had very soon laid down an excellent track for running and cycling. Hence it happens that to-day on this out-of-the-way part of the Grecian coast officers and men of the Queen's Navy disport themselves as though they were on the United Service Recreation Ground at Portsmouth, or on the grassy enclosure at Mount Wise at Devonport. All the world round Jack and his master have provided themselves with places where they can recreate, and thus keep minds and bodies in "fit" condition for any strain these may have to bear. At far

Jack as a long-jumper. Observe the dust raised just at the moment this instantaneous photo was taken.

Photos by Stephen Crib.
Naval veterans' race.

distant Esquimalt, at Malta, at Gibraltar, at Sydney, at Halifax in Nova Scotia, at Hongkong in the Far East, and at Bombay, as at Berehaven on the Irish coast, where the Channel Squadron spends much of its time, there are excellent grounds where the officers and men of the Navy can indulge in the field sports they love so well, and hold meetings to test their capacities in their favourite recreations. Practically every squadron, in whatever part of the world it may be, usually holds at least one regatta, which excites the liveliest rivalry.

At some of these sporting gatherings, in fact at most of them, the men's humour finds expression. They enjoy with keen delight such events as sack, three-legged, egg and spoon, and obstacle races. Somehow a sailor needs to feel he is in a tight corner, or that all is not plain sailing, before he will show to his best, and a three-legged or kindred contest, for which he will practice assiduously beforehand, puts him on his metal as an athlete and sometimes, also, as a funny fellow. Because of his antics, he will be none the less serious in his determination to win the prize, leaving to those of his messmates who consider humour their strong line, the task of keeping spectators amused between the different items on the programme. Some men make inimitable clowns, and spare no trouble in copying the appearance of those professionals who make fooling in the ring the business of their lives.

A high-jumper.

Google

Naval polo players at Hilsea.

Photos by Stephen Cribb.

A team of naval footballers.

Tilting at the bucket is a very favourite diversion at naval sports, and usually provokes great merriment. The photograph overleaf illustrates this popular feature. One man gets into a barrow, which is wheeled towards the elevated bucket at a smart pace, and as the couple pass beneath it, the passenger in the barrow endeavours to thrust the pole he carries through the hole in the board that hangs from the bucket. If he makes a good shot he and his companion, particularly the latter, receive a drenching—and a prize. Jack dearly loves a joke. Those who were at a garden party at Whale Island, not long ago, will readily remember the laughter which a living Aunt Sally provoked. An ingenious bluejacket who had no faith in the power of the fair sex to throw straight, volunteered to sit in a tub with his face blackened while the ladies, at quite short range, threw sticks at him. Needless to say this sailor's temerity did not result in his being hit many times.

In everything that he does the British bluejacket reveals the happy spirit of a schoolboy, and never does he give his lighter feelings more rein than when after a long time at sea, or returning from a commission on a foreign station, he at length obtains leave and organises one of his favourite driving excursions. Wherever he is ashore he lays himself out for enjoyment. A story is told of a party of sailors who were warned by their captain not to go beyond a certain milestone. It happened that half a mile or so further on there was a public house to which they were specially partial. In spite of orders they were at this place of entertainment when the captain passed. When he asked them why they had disobeyed his orders, the men protested that they had not gone beyond the milestone. The officer visited the spot, bent on an investigation, to find that the letter of his instructions had been obeyed. They had pulled up the stone and set it down again on the further side of the public house.

The Navy has produced some good cyclists. It is claimed that the champion of the service is Mr. Arthur Botting, an engine-room artificer, and a member of the Chatham Naval Cycling Club, who rides a machine that he built himself, and of which he is not a little, and quite justifiably, proud.

Photo by Stephen Cribb.

The crack naval cyclist, Lieut. Lees, of the R.M.L.I., showing Admiral Culme Seymour his patent folding cycle.

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A remarkable instantaneous photograph — tilting at the bucket—a modern development of the old quintain. A sailor wheeled on a barrow by another has a pole, and at a given signal charges and tries to put the point of the pole in the hole, thus getting a drenching and a prize.

Photos by Stephen Cribb.

The case at Whale Island where all prizes are kept which have been won by officers and men in athletic sports.

During last season he entered in seventeen open and service events, and won eight first prizes, three second, and one third. Another good wheelman is Mr. P. Cribb, also a worker among the machinery; he is captain of H.M.S. *Vernon* Cycling Club, probably the largest naval association of its kind in the world. Mr. Alexander Duguid has also done well in many races in all parts of the world, not long since beating the cyclist at Barbados who was regarded as invincible. He has won many prizes also at Portsmouth sports, including the three, two, and one mile races. At one time, in fact, he was the champion of the Navy. A crack cyclist among the officers of the Fleet is Lieutenant Thomas O. H. Lees, R.M.L.I., but when the majority of officers are more or less enthusiastic wheelmen, especially those who are studying at the Naval Colleges at Portsmouth and Greenwich, and serving at other shore establishments, it would not be easy to decide who rides the swiftest.

At some ports officers have many other recreations besides those already referred to. At Portsmouth and Devonport they play polo, and occasionally compete with friends of the land service in point-to-point races. The sporting instincts of some lead them to favour shooting, while yet others are as enthusiastic plyers of the rod, and, travelling as they do all over the world, have splendid opportunities of fishing and shooting under the most favourable conditions.

It should be mentioned that sailors take a great interest in the "ring," and the Navy has produced some famous boxers. But the subject of sport in the sea service is unlimited. There are few outdoor amusements of any kind in which the officers and men do not participate and as a rule do so with not a little distinction, and with undoubted benefit to themselves and the country they serve. Without attempting to draw invidious comparisons, the sober fact may be stated that while in the Army the death-rate is 12·0 per thousand, and among civilians as high as 17·6, in the Navy it is only 4·9. Hence, those who wish to live long cannot do better than serve under the White Ensign and join in the healthy sports that develop and strengthen the body, while the mind is expanded by visits to all parts of the world, not as ordinary tourists but as bearers of the Red, White and Blue.

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A Variation of the Valentine

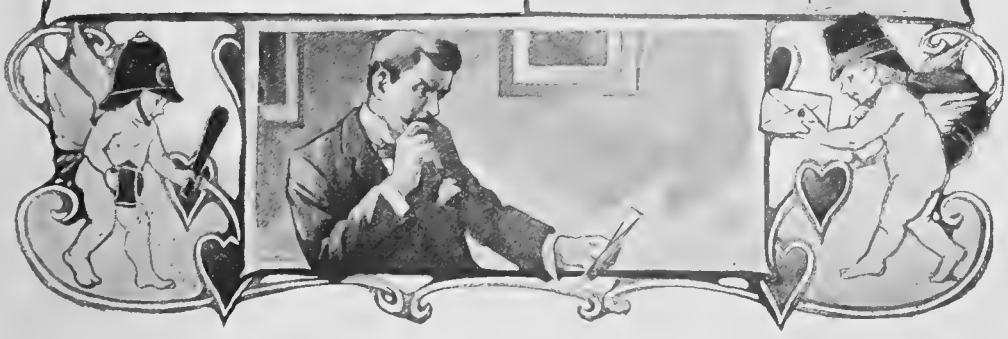
Once in the famous days of old,
When maids were fair and men were bold,
And tender tales of love were told
When Valentine drew near.
Then doleful Daphne would complain
To gracious Dian of some swain,
Until his faithless vows again
Were whispered in her ear.

Then would the postman wind his horn
Upon a February morn,
And dainty damsels took no scorn
To greet him at the door;
For as he passed upon his way,
Or stopped, a cheery word to say,
For ev'ry maid he brought that day
A packet in his store.

Then would each maiden draw apart
To gaze with rapture on a heart
Which, by a long and fiery dart,
Was frequently transfixed;
The unsophisticated rhyme
To simple maiden seemed sublime,
They criticised not, at that time
Their pleasure was unmixed.

While thus I muse upon the past
The postman knocks, my heart beats fast,
An envelope for me—at last:
'Tis come, my Valentine;
I open it and am distraught,
A summons to the County Court
Against me has my tailor brought
For twelve pounds eight and nine.

G. D. Lynch.



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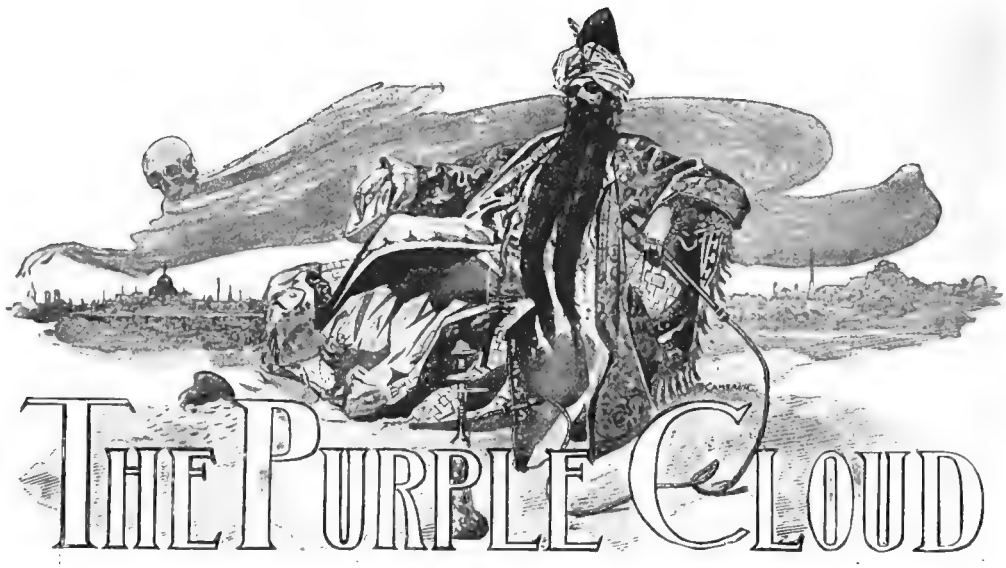

THE PURPLE CLOUD

By M. P. Shiel.

SYNOPSIS.

A millionaire has left a fortune to the first man who reaches the North Pole. In spite of the warning of a preacher that misfortune will happen to the earth if the Pole is reached, a great expedition is prepared. In order that her *fiancé*, Adam Jeffson, may take the place of her nephew, who was a member of the expedition, the Countess Clodagh poisons the latter.

II.

The *Boreal* left St. Katherine Docks in beautiful weather on the afternoon of the 19th of June, bound for the Pole.

All the Docks was one region of heads, stretched far into innumerable vagueness, and down the river to Woolwich a continuous roar and murmur droned from both banks to cheer our departure.

The expedition was a national affair, being subsidized by Government; and if ever a ship was well found it was the *Boreal*. She had a frame tougher far than any battleship, and she was stuffed with sufficient pemmican, cod-roe, fish-meal, and so on, to last us not less than six years.

We were seventeen all told, the five heads (so to speak) of the undertaking being Clark (our chief), John Mew (commander), Aubrey Maitland (meteorologist), Wilson (electrician), and myself (doctor, botanist, and assistant meteorologist).

The idea was to get as far east as the 100th or the 120th meridian of longitude; to catch there the northern current; to push and drift our way northward; and, when the ship could no further penetrate, to leave her (either three or else four of us on ski), and, with sledges drawn by dogs and reindeer, make a dash for the Pole.

Our voyage was without incident up to the end of July, when we encountered a drift of ice-floes. On the 1st of August we were at Kabarova, where we met our coal-ship, and took in forty-three dogs, four reindeer, and a quantity of reindeer moss. And two days later we turned our bows finally northward and eastward, passing through heavy "slack" ice under sail and liquid air in crisp weather, till, on the 27th of August, we lay moored to a floe off the desolate island of Taimur.

The first thing we saw here was a bear on the shore watching for young white fish; and promptly Clark, Mew, and Hewitt (first engineer) went on shore in the launch, I and Maitland following in the pram, each party with three dogs.

It was while climbing away inland, that Maitland said to me:

"When Clark leaves the ship it is three, not two, of us that he is going to take with him for the dash to the Pole."

I: "Ah, is that so? Who knows?"

Maitland: "Wilson does. Clark has let it out in conversation with Wilson."

I: "Well, the more the merrier. Who will be the three?"

Maitland; "Wilson is sure to be in it, and there may be Mew. I suppose *I* shall get left out in the cold."

I: "More likely I."

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MAITLAND: "Well, the race is between us four—Wilson, Mew, you, and me. It is a case of physical fitness combined with special knowledge. You are too lucky a dog to get left out, Jeffson."

I: "Well, what does it matter, so long as the expedition as a whole is successful? That is the main thing."

MAITLAND: "Oh, yes, that is all very fine talk, Jeffson! But is it quite sincere? Isn't it rather foolish to affect to despise $175,000,000? *I* want to be in at the death, and I mean to be, if I can. We are all more or less self-interested.

"*Look*," I whispered, "a bear!"

It was a mother and cub; with determined trudge she came, wagging her low head, having no doubt smelled the dogs. We separated on the instant, doubling different ways behind ice-bounders, wanting to get her nearer the shore, but passing close, she spied, and bore down at a trot upon, me. I fired into her neck, and at once, with a roar, she turned tail, making now straight in Maitland's direction. I saw him run out from cover some hundred yards away, aiming his long-gun. But no report followed, and in half a minute he was under her fore-paws, she striking out slaps at the barking, shrinking dogs. Maitland roared for my help; and at that moment I, poor wretch, in far worse plight than he, stood there shivering in a sweating ague, for suddenly one of those wrangles of the two Voices of my life, which marked every crisis of my destiny, was filling my bosom with loud commotion, one urging me to fly to Maitland's aid, the other passionately commanding me to be still. But it lasted, I believe, only some seconds. I ran, and got a shot into the brute's brain; and Maitland leapt up with a rent down his face.

Oh, singular destiny! Whatever I did—if I did evil, if I did good—the final result was the same: tragedy, dark and sinister! Poor Maitland was doomed that voyage, and my rescue of his life from the bear was the means employed to make his death all the more certain.

I met a man called Scotland, in my youth at Cambridge. He was always talking about certain "Black" and "White" Powers, and their contention for the earth. We others used to call him the "black-and-white-mystery-man." Well, with regard to all that, I have a fancy, a whim of the mind; it may be quite wild—but I have it here in my brain—and I will write it down now. It is this: That there may have been some sort of arrangement or understanding, between the Black and the White, as in the case of Adam and the Fruit, that, should mankind force his forbidden way to the Pole, then some great catastrophe should not fail to overtake the race of man; that the White, loving mankind did not wish this to occur, and intended, for the sake of the race, to destroy our entire expedition before it reached the goal; and that the Black, knowing that the White had power to do this, and meant to do it, used me—*me!*—to outwit this design, first of all working elaborately to ensure that I should be one of the party of four to leave the ship on ski.

But the childish attempt to read the immense riddle of the world! I could laugh at myself, and at poor black and white Scotland, too. The thing cannot be so simple.

Well, we left Taimur the same day, and good-bye now to both land and open sea. Till we passed the latitude of Cape Chelyuskin (which we did not sight), it was one succession of ice-belts, with Mew in the crow's nest tormenting the electric bell to the engine room, with anchors hanging ready to drop, and Clark taking soundings. Progress was slow, and the Polar night gathered round us apace as we passed still onward and onward into that blue and glimmering land of eternal frost. We now left off bed coverings of reindeer skin and took to sleeping-bags. Eight of the dogs had died by the 25th September, when we were experiencing 19° of frost. In the darkest part of the night the Northern light spread its silent solemn banner over us, quivering round the heavens in a million fickle glories.

The relations between the members of our little crew were excellent, with one exception; David Wilson and I were not good friends.

There was a something, a tone, in the evidence which he had given at the inquest over the body of Peters which maddened me every time I thought of it. He had heard Peters admit just before his death that he, Peters, had administered atropine to himself; and he had had to give evidence of that fact. But he had given it in a most half-hearted way; so much so, that the coroner had asked him: "What, sir, are you hiding from me?" Wilson had replied: "Nothing. I have nothing to tell."

But from that day he and I had hardly exchanged ten words, in spite of our constant companionship in the vessel; and one day, standing alone on a floe I found myself hissing with clenched fist: "If he dared suspect

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Down the river to Woolwich a continuous roar and murmur droned from both banks to cheer our departure.

Clodagh of poisoning Peters, I could *kill* him!"

Up to the 78th parallel of latitude the weather had been superb. But on the night of the 7th of October—well I remember it—we experienced a great tempest. Our tub of a ship rolled like a swing, drenching the whimpering dogs at every lurch, and hurling everything into confusion. The petroleum launch was washed from the davits. Down, at one time, to 40deg. below zero, sank the thermometer, while on high the Aurora was whiffed into a chaos of hues, resembling a painter's smeared palette. I, for the first time, was very sick.

In this state, with a dizzy brain, I went off watch to my bunk. Soon I fell asleep, and the rolls and bumps of the ship, the heavy Greenland anorak I had on, and the state of my body, all combined to produce a frightful nightmare. I was conscious of a vain struggle to move, a vain battle for breath. The sleeping-bag was like an iceberg on my gasping bosom. It was of Clodagh that I dreamed. I dreamed that she let fall, drop by drop, a liquid coloured like pomegranate seed into a glass of water; and she presented the glass to Peters. The draught, I knew, was poisonous as death; and in a last effort to break the bands of that hideous slumber, I was conscious, as I jerked myself upright, of screaming aloud:

"Clodagh! Clodagh! *Spare the man . . . !*"

My eyes, starting with terror, opened to consciousness. The electric light was shining in the cabin, and there stood David Wilson looking at me.

Wilson was a big man, with a massive, long face, made longer by a beard. His pose, his form, his smile of disgust, as he stood clinging there—I can shut my eyes and see now.

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What was he doing in my cabin? What —what led him there even then? This was one of the four-men starboard berths, *his* was a-port. Yet he was here! But he explained at once:

"Sorry to interrupt your innocent dreams," said he. "The mercury in Maitland's thermometer is frozen: he asked me to hand him his spirits of wine from his bunk——"

I did not answer. A hatred was in my heart against this man.

The next day the storm died away, and either three or four days later the slush-ice between the floes froze definitely. The *Boreal's* way was thus blocked. We warped her with ice-anchors and the capstan into the position in which she should lay-up for her winter's drift. This was in about 79° 20′ N. The sun had now totally vanished from our bleak sky not to reappear till the following year.

There was sledging with the dogs, and bear hunting among the hummocks, as the months passed. One day, Wilson, by far our best shot, got a walrus-bull; Clark followed the traditional pursuit of a chief, examining crustacea; Maitland and I were in a relation of close friendship, and I assisted his magnetic observations in a snow-hut built near the ship. Often, through the twenty-four hours, a clear moon suffused our dim and livid clime.

It was five days before Christmas that Clark made the great announcement: he had determined, he said, if our splendid northward drift continued, to leave the ship about the middle of the next March for the dash to the Pole. He would take with him the reindeer, all the dogs, four sledges, four kyaks, and three companions. The companions he had decided to invite were Wilson, Mew, and Maitland.

He said it at dinner. And as he said it, David Wilson glanced at my pallid face with a smile of pleased malice; for *I* was left out.

I remember well: the Aurora that night was in the sky, and at its edge floated the moon surrounded by a ring, with two mock moons. But all shone very vaguely and far, and a fog, which had already lasted some days, made the ship's bows very indistinct to me, as I paced the bridge on my watch two hours after Clark's announcement.

For a long time all was still, save for the occasional whining of a dog. But suddenly several of them began barking together, leaving off and beginning again. I said to myself: "There is a bear about somewhere."

I was alone. It grew toward the end of my watch, when Maitland would succeed me. My tread tolled like a passing bell, and the ice lay round me in its shroud of white, silent as Eternity itself.

Suddenly I saw—I thought I saw—the bear. The fog had, if anything, thickened. It was now very near the close of my watch.

He had entered the ship, I concluded, by the boards which slanted from an opening in the bulwarks down to the ice.

Once before, in November, a bear, having smelled the dogs, had ventured on board at midnight. But *then* there had resulted a perfect hub-bub among the dogs. *Now*, even in the midst of my excitement, I wondered at their quietness, though some few whimpered—with fear, I thought. I saw the creature steal forward from the hatchway toward the kennels; and I ran noiselessly and seized the watch-gun, which stood always loaded by the companion way.

By this time the form had passed the kennels on the port side, reached the bows, and now was moving toward me on the starboard side. I took aim. Never, I thought, had I seen so huge a bear—though I made allowance for the magnifying effect of the fog.

My finger was on the trigger. And at that moment a horrible sickness, a deathly ague, seized me; the wrangle of the two voices was taking place within me.

"Shoot!" "Shoot not!" "Shoot!" Oh, that latter shout was irresistible! I pulled the trigger. The report hooted through the Polar night.

The creature dropped. Both Clark and Wilson ran up at once. We hurried to the prostrate form.

But the first near glance showed us a singular kind of bear. Wilson put his hand to the head, and the lax skin came away at his touch. It was Aubrey Maitland who was underneath it; and I had shot him dead.

For the last few days he had been cleaning skins, among them the skin of the bear from which I had saved him at Taimur. Maitland was a born pantomimist, continually inventing practical jokes, and perhaps to startle me with a false alarm in the very skin of the old bruin which had so nearly done for him, he had thrown it round him on finishing its cleaning, and so, in mere wanton fun, had crept on deck at the hour of his watch. The head of the bearskin, and the fog, must have prevented him from seeing me when I took aim.

This tragedy made me ill for weeks. I saw that the hand of Fate was upon me.

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When I rose from bed, poor Maitland was lying in a hole in the ice behind the great hummock near us.

By the end of January, we had drifted to 80° 55′; and it was then that Clark, in the presence of Wilson, asked me if I would make the fourth man, in the place of poor Maitland, for the dash to the Pole in the spring. As I said: "Yes, I am willing," David Wilson spat with a disgusted emphasis. A minute later he sighed: "Ah, poor Maitland. . ." and drew in his breath, with a tut! tut!

I had an impulse to spring at his throat *then*, and strangle him; but I curbed myself.

There remained now hardly a month before the dash, and all hands set to work with a will, making harness and seal-skin shoes for the dogs, overhauling sledges and kyaks, economising every ounce of weight. But we were not destined, after all, to set out that year. About the 10th of February, the ice began to pack, and the ship was subjected to an appalling pressure. We found it necessary to make trumpets of our hands to shout into one another's ears, for the whole ocean of ice was crashing, popping, howling, and thundering everywhere in terrific upheaval. Expecting every moment to see the *Boreal* crushed to splinters, we had to set about unpacking provisions, and placing sledges, kyaks, dogs, and everything in a position for instant flight. It lasted five days, and was accompanied by a tempest from the north, which, by the end of February, had driven us back south into latitude 79° 50′. Clark, of course, then abandoned the thought of the Pole for that summer.

And immediately afterwards we made a startling discovery. Our stock of reindeer-moss was found to be now ridiculously small. Egan, the second mate, was blamed for it—but that did not help matters. The sad fact remained. Clark was advised to kill one or two of the deer, but he stubbornly refused, and by the beginning of summer they were all dead.

Well, our northward drift recommenced. Towards the middle of February we saw a mirage of the coming sun above the horizon. There were flights of Arctic petrels and snow-buntings, and spring was with us. In an ice-pack of big hummocks and lanes we made good progress all the summer.

When the last two of the deer died my heart sank, and when the dogs killed two of their number, and a bear crushed a third, I was fully expecting what actually came. It was this. Clark announced that he could now take only two companions with him in the spring, and they were Wilson and Mew. So once more I saw David Wilson's pleased smile of malice.

We settled into our second winter's quarters. December came again, and all our drear sunless gloom, made worse by the fact that the wind-mill would not work, leaving us without the electric light.

None but those who have felt it could dream of half the mental depression of that long Arctic night, how the soul takes on the hue of the world, and without and within is nothing but gloom, gloom, and the reign of the Power of Darkness.

Not one of us but was in a state of sombre, irritable and evil mood; and on the 13th of December, Lamburn, the second engineer, stabbed Cartwright, the harpooner, in the arm.

Three days before Christmas a bear came close to the ship, and then turned tail. Mew, Wilson, I, and Meredith (a general hand) set out in pursuit. We lost him after a long chase, and then scattered different ways. After an hour's hunt I was returning weary to the ship, when I thought I saw him again, and at the same time sighted a man—I did not know whom—running some distance away. I shouted out:

"There he is—come!—this way!"

The man quickly joined me, but as soon as ever he recognised me, stopped dead, and said:

"No, thanks, Jeffson. Alone with you I am in danger of my life. . . ."

It was Wilson. I, too, stopped, and faced him, forgetting all about the bear in a moment.

"Wilson," I said, "you are going to explain to me *now* what you mean, you hear? What *do* you mean, Wilson?"

"What I say," he answered deliberately. "Alone with you I am in danger of my life, just as poor Maitland was, and just as poor Peters was. You are a deadly beast."

Fury leapt in my heart. Black as the tenebrous Arctic night grew my soul.

"Do you mean," I said, "that I want to put you out of the way in order to go in your place to the Pole, and that I have killed Peters and Maitland for that reason? Is that what you mean, man?"

"That's my meaning, Jeffson. You are a deadly beast, you know."

"Stop—I am going to kill *you*, Wilson—but I want to hear first. Who *told* you that I killed Peters?"

"Your lover killed him with *your* collusion. Why, I *heard* you, man, in your

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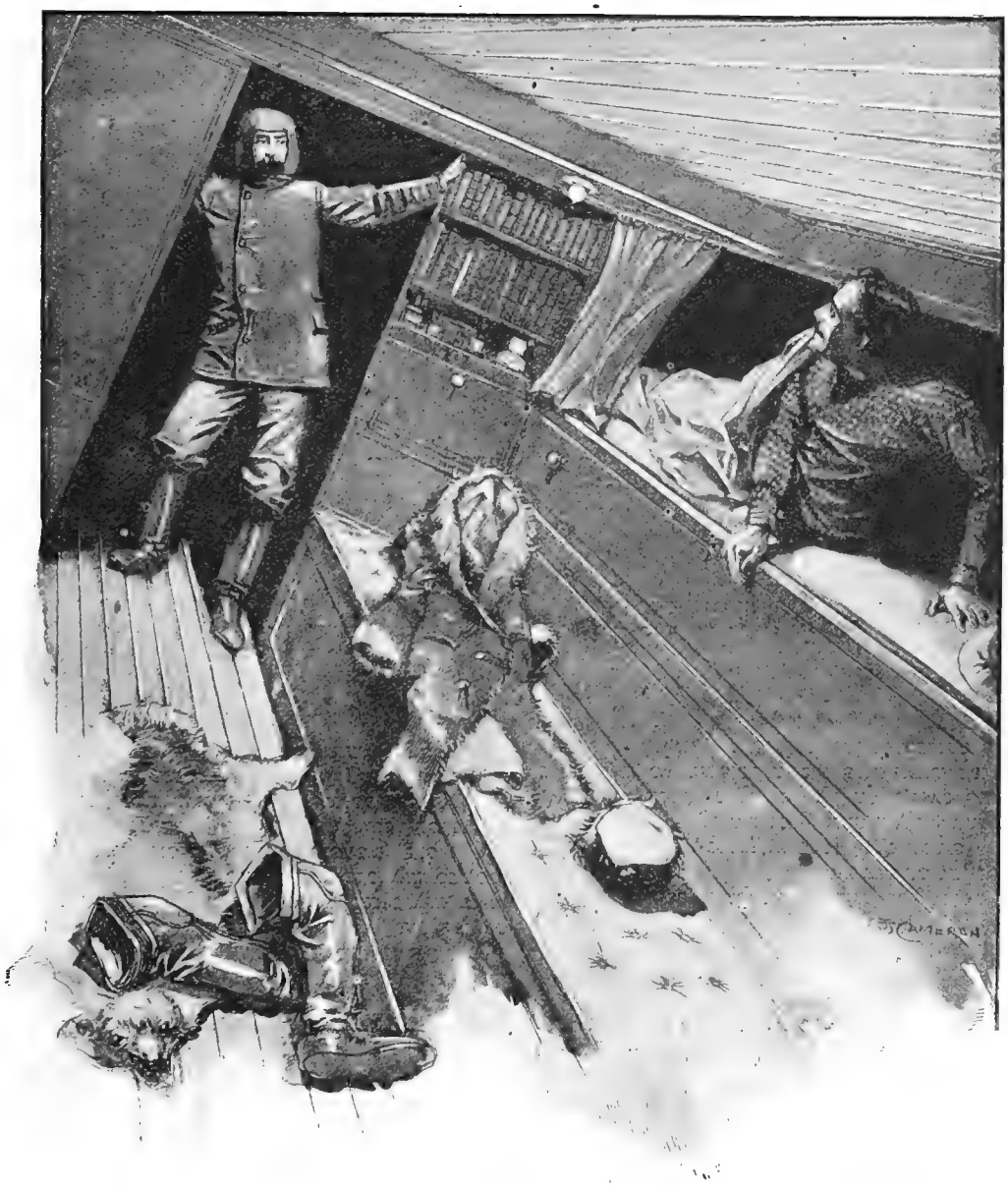

The electric light was shining in the cabin, and there stood David Wilson looking at me.

beastly sleep, calling the whole thing out. And I suspected it before. By Heaven, I should enjoy putting a bullet into you, Jeffson!"

"You wrong me, you devil, you wrong me!" I cried, my eyes staring with blood lust, "and now I am going to pay you well for it. *Look out, you!*"

I aimed the gun for his heart, I touched the trigger. He put up his left hand.

"Stop," he said, "stop." (He was one of the coolest of men.) "There is no gallows on the *Boreal*, but Clark could easily rig one for you. I want to kill you, too, because there are no criminal courts up here, and it would be doing a good action for my country. But not here—not now. Listen to me—don't shoot. To-morrow we can meet when all is ready, so that no one may be the wiser, and fight it all out."

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I saw Wilson stagger and drop.

As he spoke I had let the gun drop. It was better so. I knew that he was much the best shot on the ship, and I an indifferent one; but I did not care if I was killed.

Twenty hours later we met behind an agreed hummock some six miles from the ship. We had set out at different times, so that no one might suspect. Each brought a ship's lantern.

Wilson had dug an ice-grave near the hummock, leaving at its edge a heap of brash-ice and snow to fill it. We stood separated by an interval of a hundred yards, the grave between us, each with a lantern at his feet.

Even so, we were mere shadows one to the other. The air glowered dimly; a thin, chill moon seemed to float far outside the universe. The temperature was at 55° below zero, so that we had on wind-clothes over our anoraks, and heavy foot bandages under our Lap boots. And exactly like the weird world above us were the minds of us two men, full of sombre, bleak, and funereal feelings.

Between us yawned a grave for one or the other of us.

I heard Wilson cry out:

"Are you ready?"

"Aye," cried I.

"Then here goes!" cried he.

Even as he spoke he fired. The man was in deadly earnest to kill me.

But his shot passed harmless by me, as was only likely. We were mere shadows one to the other.

I fired perhaps ten seconds later than he. But in those ten seconds he stood perfectly revealed to me in clear, lilac light.

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An Arctic fire-ball had traversed the sky, showering abroad a sulphurous glamour over the snow-landscape. Before its momentary shine had passed away I saw Wilson stagger and drop. And I buried him deep there under the rubble ice.

* * * * *

On March 13th, nearly three months later, Clark, Mew, and I left the *Boreal* in latitude 85° 15′.

We had with us thirty-two dogs, three sledges, three kyaks, human provisions for 112 days, and dog provisions for forty. Being now about 340 miles from the Pole, we hoped to reach it in forty-three days, then turn south, and, feeding living dogs with dead, make either Franz Josef Land or Spitzbergen, at which latter place we would very likely come upon a whaler.

During the first days progress was slow, the ice being rough and laney, and the dogs behaving badly, stopping dead at every difficulty, and leaping over their traces. Clark had had the idea of attaching a gold-beater's-skin balloon, with a lifting-power of fifty pounds, to each sledge, and we had with us a supply of zinc and sulphuric acid to repair the hydrogen waste from the bags; but on the second day, Mew having over-filled his balloon, it burst, and I and Clark had to cut ours loose, in order to equalise weights, for we could neither leave Mew behind, turn back to the ship, nor mend the split bag. So it happened that, at the end of the fourth day, we had made only nineteen miles, and could still from a hummock see afar the leaning masts of the *Boreal*. Clark led on ski, captaining a sledge with 400lb. of instruments, ammunition, pemmican, and aleuronate bread; Mew followed, his sledge containing provisions only; I came last, with a mixed freight. But on the third day, Clark had an attack of snow-blindness, and Mew took his place.

Almost from the start our sufferings commenced, and they were bitter enough. The sun, though constantly visible, gave no heat; our sleeping-bags (Clark and Mew occupied one, I another) were soaking wet all the night, being thawed by our warmth, and our fingers, under wrappings of senne-grass and wolf-skin, were always bleeding; sometimes our frail bamboo cane kyaks, which lay across the sledges, would crash perilously against an ice-ridge, and they were our one hope of reaching land; but the dogs were the great difficulty; we lost six hours a day in harnessing and tending them. On the twelfth day, Clark, taking a single-altitude observation, found that we were only in lat. 86° 35′; but next day we passed beyond the furthest point yet reached by man, viz., 86° 43′, attained by the *Nix* explorers three years previously.

Our one secret thought now was food, food—our day-long lust was for the eating-time. Mew suffered from "Arctic thirst."

Under these conditions man becomes in some days not a savage only, but a mere beast, hardly a grade above the bear and the walrus. Ah, the ice! the ice! A long and sordid nightmare was that, God knows.

On we pressed, crawling our little way across the Vast, upon whose hoar silence, from Eternity until then, Boötes only, and that Great Bear, had watched.

After the eleventh day our rate of march improved; all lanes disappeared, and ridges became less frequent. By the fifteenth day I was leaving behind me the ice-grave of David Wilson at the rate of ten to thirteen miles a day.

Yet, as it were, his arm reached out and touched me even there.

His disappearance had been explained by a hundred different guesses on the ship—all plausible enough. I had no idea that anyone connected me in any way with his death.

But on our twenty-second day of march, 140 miles from our goal, he caused a conflagration of rage and hate to break out amongst us three. It was at the end of a march, when our stomachs were hollow, and our frames ready to drop. One of Mew's dogs was sick; it was necessary to kill it; he asked me to do it.

"Oh," said I, "you kill your own dog, of course."

"Well, I don't know," he replied, catching fire, "*you ought to be used to killing*, Jeffson . . ."

"How do you mean, Mew?" said I, starting. "You mean because my profession——?"

"Profession, no!" he sneered. "Go and dig up poor David Wilson—I daresay you know where to find him—and *he'll* tell you my meaning right enough."

I rushed at once to Clark, who, stooping among his dogs, was unharnessing them; and roughly pushing his shoulder, exclaimed:

"That beast accuses me of murdering David Wilson!"

"Well?" said Clark.

"I'd split his skull as clean——"

"Go away, Adam Jeffson, and let me be!"

"Is that all you've got to say about it, then?"

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"To the —— with you, man, say I, and let me be! *You know your own conscience best*, I suppose?"

Before this affront I stood impotent. But from that moment a mood of brooding malice settled upon my spirit. Indeed, the humour of us all was one dangerous, and even murderous inflammability. We had become almost like the beasts that perish.

* * * * *

On the 10th of April we passed the 89th parallel of latitude, and though sick to death, both in spirit and body, we pressed still on. Like the lower animals, we were stricken now with dumbness, and hardly once in a week spoke a word one to the other. On, in selfish brutishness, we moved through a real Inferno of cold. It is a cursed region—beyond doubt cursed—not meant to be penetrated by man, and rapid and awful was the degeneration of our souls. As for me, never could I have conceived that savagery so heinous could brood in a human bosom as now I felt brooding in mine.

As we advanced, the ice became smoother, so that from four miles a day our rate increased to fifteen, and finally, as the sledges lightened, to twenty.

It was now that we began to encounter a succession of strange-looking objects lying scattered over the ice, whose number continually increased as we proceeded. They had the appearance of small rocks, or pieces of iron, incrusted with glass fragments of various colours. They were of every size, and their incrustations we soon discovered to be diamonds, and other precious stones. On our first twenty mile day Mew picked up a detached diamond splinter as large as a child's arm; and such objects soon became common. Clark said that they must be meteor stones, whose ferruginous substance had been attracted by the magnetic lure of the Pole; and they quickly ceased to interest our sluggish minds, except in so far as they obstructed our way.

We had had good weather; till, suddenly, in the early morning of the 13th of April, we were overtaken by a tempest from the S.W. of such vehement and solemn volume, that the heart quailed before it. It lasted in its full power only an hour, but during that time it snatched two of our sledges long distances, and compelled us to lie face downward. We had travelled all the sun-lit night, and were gasping with fatigue; so, as soon as the wind allowed us to huddle together our scattered things, we crawled into the sleeping-bags, and instantly slept.

We knew that the ice was in upheaval around us. We heard, as our eyelids closed, the slow booming of distant guns, and brittle rollings of artillery. This may have been a result of the tempest, stirring up the ocean beneath the ice. Whatever it was, we slept deep.

We were within ten miles of the Pole.

* * * * *

Suddenly, in my sleep, it was as though someone shook my shoulder, with an urgent, "Up! up!" It was merely a dream, for when I started I saw Clark and Mew still in their sleeping-bag.

I sat staring a minute, and my first numb thought was this—that the Countess Clodagh had bid me be first at the Pole—for her. Precious little now cared I for the Countess Clodagh in her far unreal world of warmth—precious little for the fortune promised to the first-arrived. But the thought was deeply suggested in my brain, almost as if whispered there. Instinctively, brutishly, rubbing my daft eyes, I rose.

The next thing I perceived was that while the tempest was less strong, the ice was now in appalling agitation. An obstreperous hubbub filled all the air. I found the dogs whimpering on the heaving floor.

Instinctively, brutishly, I harnessed ten of them to my sledge, put on Canadian snow-shoes, and started northward—alone.

The odometer which I had with me had not yet measured three miles when I began to notice two things; first, that the jewelled meteor-stones were now accumulating beyond all precedent, filling all my range of vision, to the farthest horizon, with a dazzling glister. In piles, and mounds, and scattered disconnection they lay spread in innumerable largesse, like leaves in autumn, a vast Elysian-field and fairy-land of wealth, trillions of billions sterling, so that I had need to steer my twining way among them. Now, too, to my surprise, I noticed that, except for these stones, all roughness had disappeared, and the ice lay smooth, as a skating-rink before me. Not a trace of the upheaval going on further south was here. I believe that this stretch of smooth ice never, never felt one shock, or stir, or throe, and reaches right down to the bottom of the deep.

* * * * *

And now, with a wild hilarity, I flew. A dizziness, a madness seized me. Up-buoyed on air, I sped and spun. A fear, too—most great and dreadful—had its chilly hand upon

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my heart. I was alone, face to face with the Eternal. But still, with a dizziness, and a joy, and a wild hilarity, on I sped, and spun.

* * * * * *

The odometer measured nine miles from my start. I was at the Pole. I took ten more steps—slide I could not now for the meteor-stones—fifteen—twenty; and now I stood by a circular, clean-cut lake.

One minute only I stood swaying and nodding there, and then I dropped down flat in swoon.

Why I swooned I cannot now clearly analyse. In the middle of the lake was a pillar of ice; very low and broad, and I had the clear impression, or dream, or notion, that there was a name graven in the ice of the pillar in characters which I could not read; and the luminous fluid of the lake seemed to me to be wheeling with a mad, shivering ecstasy round the pillar; and it was borne in upon me—I cannot at all say how—that the substance of this fluid was the substance of a living creature; and I had the distinct fancy, as my senses failed, that it was a creature with many eyes, and that as it wheeled for ever round in fluttering lust, it kept its eyes turned always upon the Name graven in the pillar. But this must be madness.

* * * * *

Without one backward glance, I scrambled to my feet, and hurried from that place. I awaited Clark and Mew half-way, but they did not come.

I found later that they had perished in the upheaval of the ice. Only one of the sledges, half buried, I saw near the camp.

Alone I began my painful way southward. About eight days later, I noticed, stretched right across the southern horizon, a region of purple vapour, which luridly obscured the face of the sun. Day after day I noticed it steadily brooding there. ***But what it could be I did not understand.***

(*To be continued.*)

A MIXED FAMILY.

THAT impertinent looking little terrier on the right has absolutely no business in the accompanying photograph. I feel it my duty to say so at once. The happy family on the mat is the property of Mr. Horley, the owner of the "Sow and Pigs" Inn, Toddington, Bedfordshire, and its history is as follows: The "Sow and Pigs" is famous for its goodly supply of swine, and the other day a litter of fifteen youngsters came into the world—one more than the mother could provide for. What was to be done? Mr. Horley wanted to keep all his piglings, and Mr. Horley is a man of resource. It so happened that a cat with kittens was in the house, and Mr. Horley boldly put the extra pigling with the cat and her four children. Far from being indignant, the good cat gave a motherly welcome to the little intruder, who is growing up into a healthy pig. Now I am really curious to know whether that pig will inherit any feline characteristics. Will it develop a distaste for dogs, or a taste for fish? In the meantime Mr. Horley might well change the name of his inn. He should re-christen it "The Cat and Pig."

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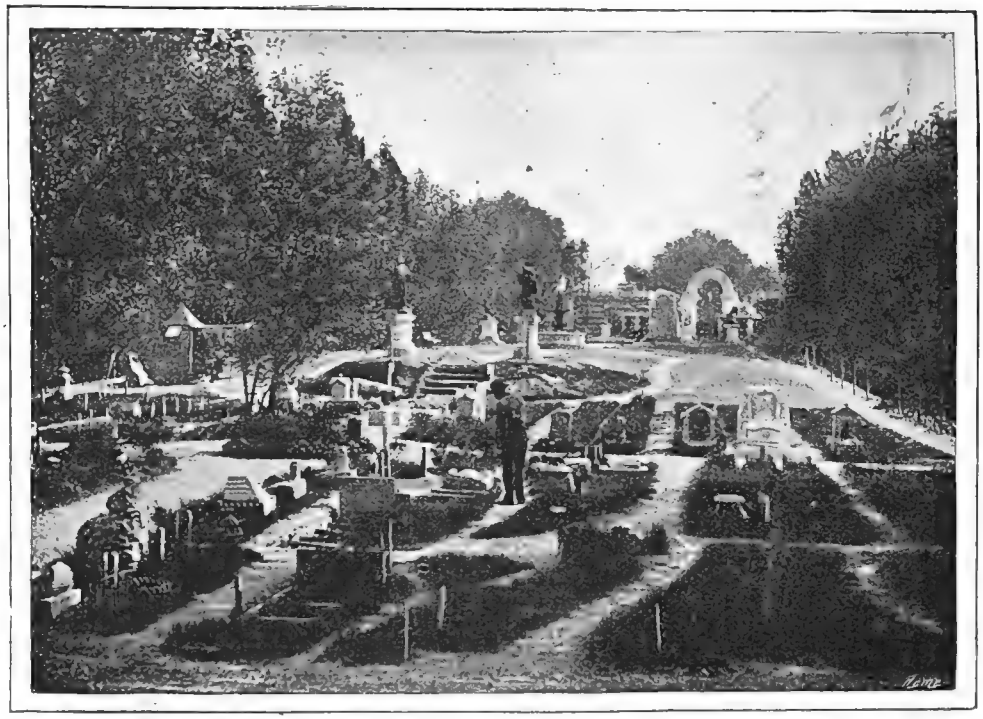

The Cemetery for Dogs and other Domestic Animals.

THE DOG NECROPOLIS IN PARIS.

By M. Dinorben Griffith.

Illustrated with Photographs.

It seems incongruous that the dogs, cats, and birds which have contributed to our happiness during their life-time, and given us ungrudging service, companionship and love, should, after death, be cast away anywhere, out of sight, a few yards of earth being too great a reward for what no money could have bought.

This ingratitude and neglect no longer exists in Paris, thanks to the happy thought which occurred to M. George Harmois, the editor of the *Law Journal* and the originator and founder of the Dog Necropolis, which is now a stone and mortar reality and a paying scheme into the bargain.

When M. Harmois' idea first assumed a distinct shape he laid it before the Society for the Protection of Animals, as the most likely body to take the matter up. But no, it was an innovation, the plan was too bold, too advanced, and their statutes had no provision for such a scheme.

Nothing daunted, M. Hârmois consulted Madame Marguerite Durand of the *Fronde Journal*, who took up the matter with enthusiasm, appealing through the press of all countries to lovers of animals.

The simple, but novel, idea caught on. "Why did no one ever think of this before," said everybody, and a limited liability company was formed of the "Cemetery for Dogs and other Domestic Animals." The 2,500 £4 shares offered to the public were quickly taken up, and success so far assured that eager intending shareholders were unable to find a single share upon the market.

The Necropolis is appropriately situated on Dog's Island, in the Seine, near Asnières, and easily approached from there or Paris by the Clichy bridge.

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The architect selected by the company for the work was M. Petit, who bears an excellent record for originality of conception and simplicity of execution. The entrance, with its fine wrought iron gateway, over which is inscribed *Cimetière pour les Chiens*, the two smaller gates, and three arches on either side, with wrought iron rails, is imposing.

On paying the entrance fee of 5d., visitors are allowed to wander at will among the graves, which, with their handsome monuments and touching epitaphs, are already very numerous and interesting.

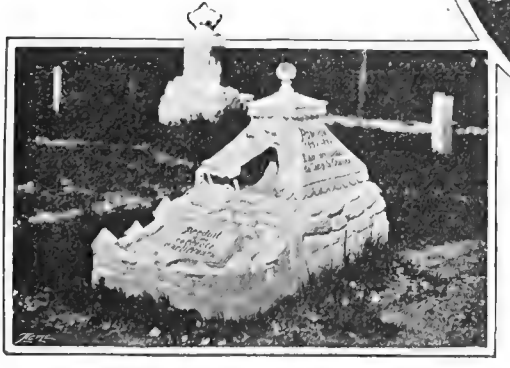
This Island of the Dead is in shape a long triangle, bordered with trees, many of which seem to have lost their foothold on the land and taken root in the water, where they grow and flourish just the same. The cemetery is divided into quarters, for patricians and paupers, for the great, in size, and for the middle-class and mixed breeds, with no pedigree, but many and endearing qualities. Then there is a quarter for cats, another for birds, and yet another for divers animals.

Let us visit the Necropolis and learn a little of the history of those buried there, taking first the great dogs' quarter —great in name as well as stature.

Here is a monument to "Barry" on which is inscribed: "He saved the lives of forty persons. He was killed by the forty-first." Barry's story is soon told; he was a magnificent St. Bernard, living in a mountain monastery. When the slightest snowstorm came on he could not be kept in. He barked and scratched, and was uneasy until let out. His plan was to seek what he knew to be the most dangerous parts and rake the snow until he found a wayfarer, then, with caresses and violence, if necessary, rouse him to the danger of his position; the contents of the little flask hanging on to his collar enabled many to follow the dog-leader to safety. His record was thirty-nine saved, when one day in a severe snowstorm he entered an ice cavern and there found a little child that had laid itself down to sleep —death's precursor. With much tugging, licking and rough remonstrance the child was at last awakened and induced to mount on the dog's back, who straightway brought his fortieth prize to the hospice in triumph. Not long afterwards there was another severe snowstorm, and Barry was off on duty in a dangerous part. He scented one who needed aid, and vigorously scratched away the snow until he found the man, who, suddenly awaking and seeing a huge animal with open jaws bending over him, took him for a savage beast and struck him a blow on the skull with his alpenstock. Poor Barry, with one loud cry, dropped down, and his cry guided the monks

The entrance to the cemetery.

The monument in memory of "Barry," who saved forty lives, and died in attempting to save the forty-first.



This tombstone is erected to "Pompom," the soldiers' friend.

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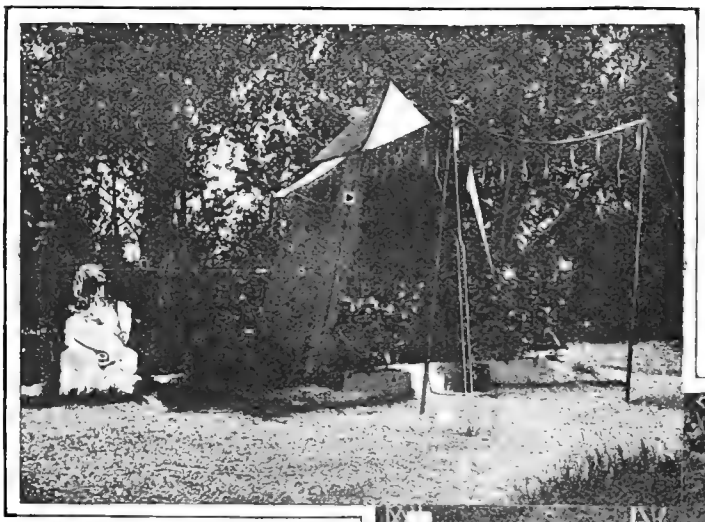


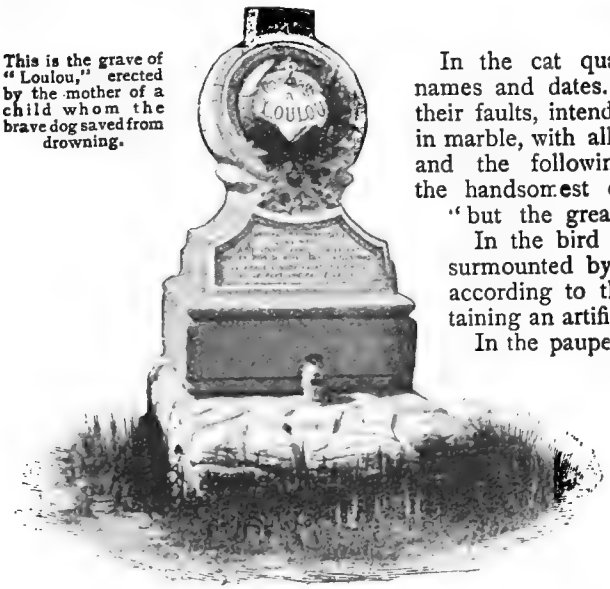
The caskets containing the dead dogs are examined, before burial, in a tent at the corner of the cemetery.

to him; they carefully conveyed man and dog to the monastery. The man was saved, but poor Barry, despite the most tender nursing, succumbed, for the iron had pierced the brain. His body is preserved in the Berne Museum, and a monument in memory of this dog has been erected at the Dog Necropolis.

Continuing our tour of the tombs we find that military dog heroes are not rare. A beautiful stone tent has been raised by the subscriptions of the artillery-men of the Chalons Camp, the inscription being: "Pom-pom, the Soldiers' Friend."

The dogs' hearse.

This is the grave of "Loulou," erected by the mother of a child whom the brave dog saved from drowning.



In the cat quarter there are no epitaphs, only names and dates. One cat lover, yet conscious of their faults, intends having an effigy of her favourite in marble, with all the prizes he has won, his name and the following in gilt letters: "Thou wert the handsomest of thy kind"; in black lettering, "but the greatest and most incorrigible thief."

In the bird alley, most of the monuments are surmounted by gilt cages more or less elaborate, according to the taste of the mourner, and containing an artificial bird.

In the pauper quarter, animals are buried in one common trench, an old box serving for a coffin, with no name, no monument, and no inscription. Among them lie many whose claims to distinction and honour, for devotion, love, and bravery are as strong as those who rest in silver-mounted caskets and whose names and virtues are inscribed on marble.

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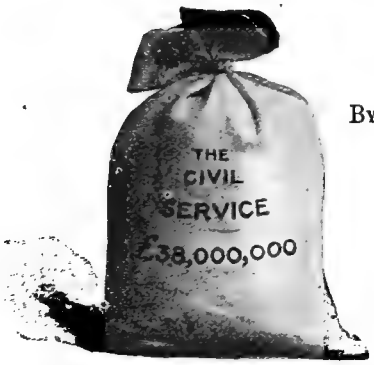
WHAT THE CIVIL SERVICE COSTS.

By Robert Machray.



Our expenditure as a nation has, on the average, increased during the past twenty years at the rate of rather more than a million a year, and for the financial year, ending March 31st, 1899, amounted to a little over £108,000,000—a gigantic total, but one which the figures for the current year exceed by several millions, owing to the war in South Africa. Throughout this article, however, I propose to base my remarks on the definite information contained in the statements of the Treasury, as to the various items appearing on the debit side of the nation's ledger in connection with the Civil Service for the year 1898-99, because 1899-1900 must be regarded as an exceptional year.

I have gone with some care into the number of our civil servants, and the sums we spend upon them. The figures I give are, of course, approximate, not absolutely exact, but when grouped together they are of a decidedly startling character.

To begin with. It is not generally realised, I imagine, that out of our whole population of forty millions there are four hundred thousand people who depend for their daily bread directly or indirectly—that is, as actual salary-earners, or as members of families of such—upon the Civil Service. This is just one per cent.; it takes one in every hundred of us to run, to use the American phrase, the nation's business. For there are at least one hundred thousand civil servants—counting from the Prime Minister in Downing Street down to the humblest Post Office beginner at ten shillings a week. If we multiply this number by four so as to include their families, and not five as is usually done in such cases, we arrive at the above result. It seems fair to take four as the multiple rather than five, because a considerable proportion of civil servants are young unmarried folks, or pensioners whose children are grown up and out in the world for themselves.

John Bull thus carries on his shoulders, we may say, a small official John Bull, just about a hundred times shorter than himself.

We pay forty millions, in round figures, for these one hundred thousand civil servants of all grades, which works out, as anyone must see at a glance, at the comfortable average of £400 of annual income to each of them. But their average income is in reality not this sum, for there must be deducted from it allowances for railway travelling, for the cost of printing, for repairs to the buildings in which they do their work, and for other things, all of which must be taken into account. Perhaps it may be better to put the matter in another way, and to say that each of us pays one sovereign, less a penny or two, for the maintenance of our friends of the Civil Service.

The Civil Service absorbs rather more than one-third of the nation's income every year, costing us nearly twice as much as our army, and about three-fifths more than our navy. The gross amount spent on the Civil Service for the year 1898-9 was £39,871,532, on the army £20,000,000, and on the navy £24,068,000.

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From the first sum there fall to be substracted what are termed "Appropriations in Aid," consisting of fees of all sorts, legal, political and commercial, of sales by the Government Stationery Office, and of the Royal Mint profits, which reduce it to £38,000,000.

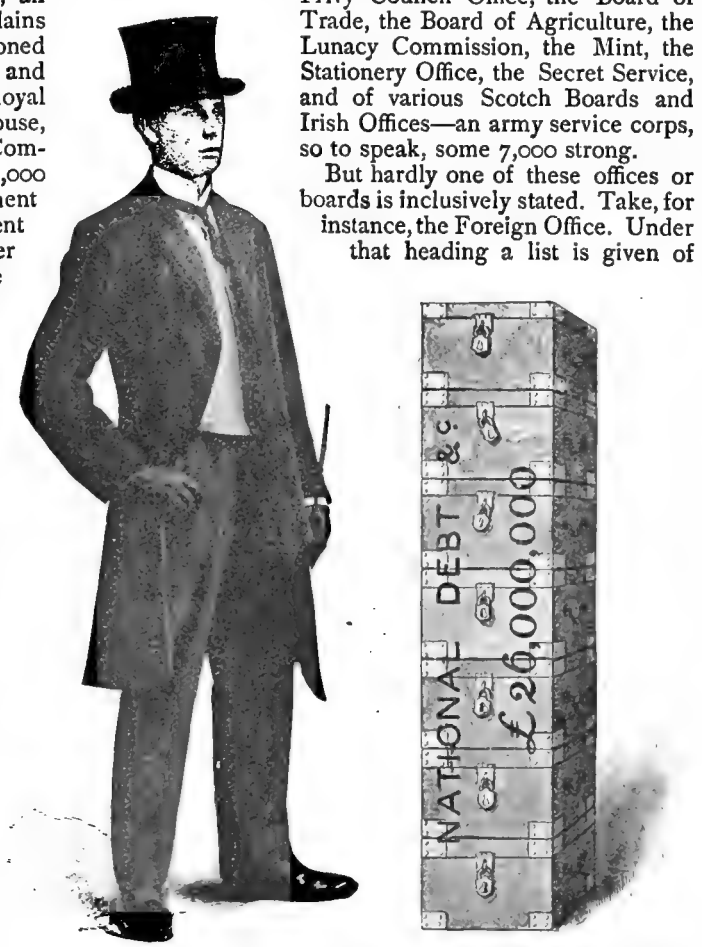
It will be most convenient to follow the Civil Services in the order in which they appear in the published accounts of the Government. Broadly speaking, they are divided into two classes, the first of which is the Civil Service proper, as it might be called, while the second is the Civil Service connected with the Revenue Departments. The first costs us about twenty-four millions, the second some sixteen millions.

I.—THE CIVIL SERVICE PROPER.

The first item under this general heading is a nice little sum of two millions spent on public works and buildings, an item which pretty well explains itself. But it may be mentioned that it includes Buckingham and the other palaces and Royal parks and Marlborough House, the Houses of Lords and Commons, etc., and about £400,000 for the rates on Government property — the Government pays rates like any other householder. Among the minor amounts one of the most notable is that we pay £2,000 a year for our embassy house in St. Petersburg, the residences of the seven other ambassadors being the property of the nation. There appear to be over 2,000 persons employed in one capacity or another in connection with this department. The two most highly paid officials are the Director of the Surveys of the United Kingdom and the Director of the Royal Gardens at Kew, each of whom is in receipt of an annual income of £1,200. The salaries scale down to so many shillings a week, and among the smaller fry is for example, the turncoc at Buckingham Palace, who gets 28s. a week and residence rent free, besides £8 a year for catching the rats that seem to infest the royal precincts. Indeed, it may be noticed in passing that all the palaces have rat-catchers on the premises—have had them, I suppose, since those edifices were first occupied, and will continue to have them to the crack of doom, as if rats in palaces belonged to the inevitable and unchanging order of the world.

Next after the Works comes an important division of our expenditure lumped under the heading—a somewhat misleading one—of "Salaries and Expenses of Civil Departments," just as if this were the beginning and the end of our expense on the Civil Service, whereas it is responsible for only a little more than two millions, and covers not quite one-tenth of the whole number of civil servants. In this department are the officials of the Treasury, Home, Foreign, Colonial, and Privy Council Office, the Board of Trade, the Board of Agriculture, the Lunacy Commission, the Mint, the Stationery Office, the Secret Service, and of various Scotch Boards and Irish Offices—an army service corps, so to speak, some 7,000 strong.

But hardly one of these offices or boards is inclusively stated. Take, for instance, the Foreign Office. Under that heading a list is given of



Civil Service, £38,000,000; National Debt, £26,000,000; the Navy, £24,000,000—figures show the proportion of the National Income which goes to—

those employed in the great sombre pile of buildings in Downing Street only, nothing being said of the Diplomatic Corps or of the Consular Service, both of which, however, make their appearance further on, as will be seen, under quite a different designation—that of "Foreign and Colonial," though in the popular mind both of these come under the designation of the "Foreign Office."

It is under "Salaries and Expenses of Civil Departments" that we meet with the biggest official (other than legal) incomes, particularly those of the political civil servants who go in and out of office according to the success or failure of their Party at the polls. Amongst these the members of the Cabinet come first, most of them having £5,000 a year, the exceptions being the First Lord of the Admiralty (£4,550), the Lord High Chancellor (£10,000, of which £4,000 is paid him as Speaker of the House of Lords), the President of the Board of Agriculture (£2,000), the Lord President of the Privy Council (£2,000), the President of the Local Government Board (£2,000), and the First Commissioner of Works and Public Buildings (£2,000).

Amongst the permanent civil servants in this list there are several who receive £2,000 a year, the best paid position perhaps being that of the Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who gets, it is said, this amount plus two or three hundred a year for managing the Secret Service. If we leave out of the calculation the wages of attendants, messengers, porters, boy-clerks, and charwomen, the average income of a civil servant in this class is very high indeed, as no doubt it well deserves to be.

—the Army, £20,000,000. The relative heights of these —the four great sources of expenditure.

We now pass to that division of the cost of the Civil Service which comes in as "Law and Justice," the total amount being about four millions and a half gross, or not quite four millions nett, while something like 20,000 people (we may safely say 18,000) derive their incomes wholly or partially from it. The salaries of the judges of the House of Lords, of the Supreme Court of Judicature, and of the High Court of Justice, etc., are charged to the Consolidated Fund, and not to the Civil Service expenditure, but as these high officials are in reality as much civil servants as anybody else is, their incomes and other expenses must enter into any inclusive account of the cost of the Civil Service, and this adds on another half million. Our judiciary is far better paid than that of any other country in the world, the salaries of the higher judges never being less than £5,000 a year. The Lord High Chancellor has £10,000, the Lords of Appeal in Ordinary £6,000 each, the Lord Chief Justice £8,000, the Master of the Rolls £6,000, the Lord Chancellor of Ireland £8,000, while the two great law officers of the Crown, the Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General, have £7,000 and £6,000 respectively. The two last-named gentlemen received in addition last year in fees rather more than £14,000 between them, the Attorney-General having the larger share, namely £8,000, but of course this considerable sum did not come out of the Civil Service funds.

A large number of members of the legal fraternity derive pecuniary benefit from the Civil Service, though they cannot be said to belong to it, such as "Revising Barristers" and "Assessors."

The fourth division of the cost of the Civil Service appears as "Education, Science, and Art." This accounts for nearly one-third of the whole sum spent on the Civil Service, the respectable total being about twelve and a quarter millions—of which eight and a half millions are expended on public education in England and Wales, most of it going in the shape of annual grants or fee grants for scholars. It is very difficult to estimate how many civil servants come under this division, but I fancy I am not far wrong in putting down 30,000 as the figure.

At the head of the Education Department is a vice-president with a salary of £2,000,

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and a secretary with £1,800. While a certain proportion of the officials are in receipt of incomes ranging from £400 and upwards, a tremendous majority get comparatively small sums. The Department of Science and Art may be taken as including all those civil servants who are concerned with such institutions as the National Gallery, the National Portrait Gallery, the British Museum, and other museums and the like throughout the country, besides the Royal Colleges of Science and Art, and who are paid something approaching a million for their services and expenses.

There are about 3,000 in the next division of civil servants, which is entitled "Foreign and Colonial" — a division already referred to, and they cost us just about a round million. In this category are the Ambassadors, Ministers Plenipotentiary, and the other members of the British Diplomatic body, as well as our Consuls and Vice-Consuls throughout the world. The embassy at Paris costs us most, the salary attached to that position being £9,000 a year. It is not generally known by the public, I think, that it is absolutely necessary for our diplomatists to have private means — without fortunes of their own they would be unable to hold their posts.

With respect to the Consular Service it may be observed that a great many of our Consuls receive nothing from the Civil Service moneys, but are remunerated by fees.

The fifth division of the cost of the Civil Service covers some four thousand names, all belonging to "Non-effectives," or in plain English, pensioners of the nation.

Of the 40,000,000 inhabitants of Great Britain 400,000 are civil servants. John Bull, one may say, carries on his back an official John Bull just one hundred times shorter than himself.

II.—THE CIVIL SERVICE IN CONNECTION WITH THE REVENUE.

These departments are the Customs, Inland Revenue and the Post Office, (including the Packet and Telegraph services), and they furnish employment to at least 40,000 men and women, of whom 30,000, or more, belong to the P.O. services.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer obtained in 1899 nearly twenty-one millions from customs, and it cost him for civil servants close on a million to get the money, that is about 4 per cent. The superintending establishment, with a chairman and a solicitor at £2,000 a year each, cost some £60,000, while those at the ports cost over £600,000.

There are few people who have not formed an acquaintance with the Inland Revenue officials: well, these gentlemen cost us within a few pounds of two millions. The best paid official is the chairman of the office at Somerset House, who receives £2,000 a year, and the deputy-chairman, whose income is £1,500. Last year the Treasury gained sixty millions from excise, taxes and estate duty, at a cost of between 3 and 4 per cent. for the civil servants who gathered it from you and me and the rest of us.

The Post Office, with the Telegraph and Packet services, costs us some twelve millions, but as it earned nearly sixteen millions, thus showing a profit of some four millions, it constitutes a branch of the Civil Service of a highly remunerative sort. It is an interesting fact that the Post Office Civil servants spend nearly three millions in London alone. The highest salaries are those of the Postmaster-General, £2,500, and the Secretary to the Post Office, £2,000.

In conclusion I may point out that there is hardly one of these well-paid positions which is not open to every Britisher who is competent—but there's the rub.

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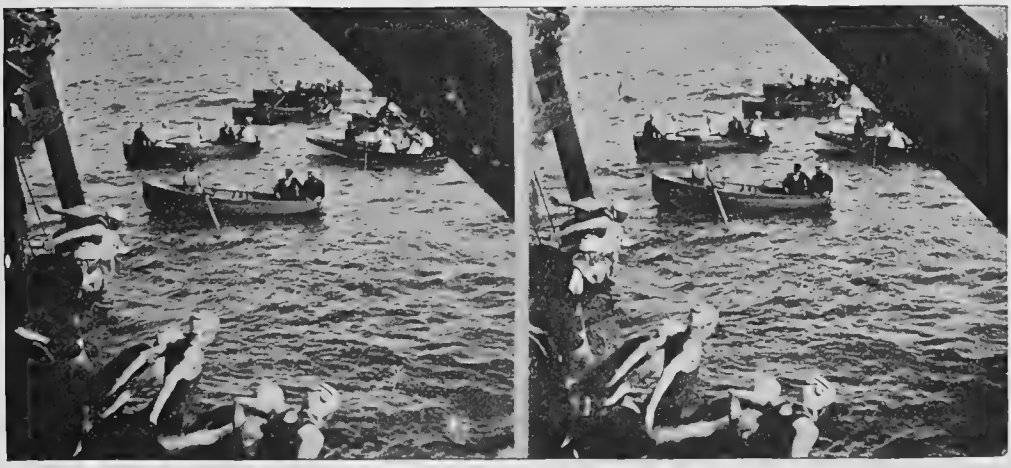
OUR STEREOSCOPIC GALLERY.

Won't you have some, Kitty?

The Lady Chapel, Exeter Cathedral.



A swimming match.

To be cut out and looked at through a Stereoscope, which can be supplied from the office of the ROYAL MAGAZINE, *18, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., at* 2S., *post free.*

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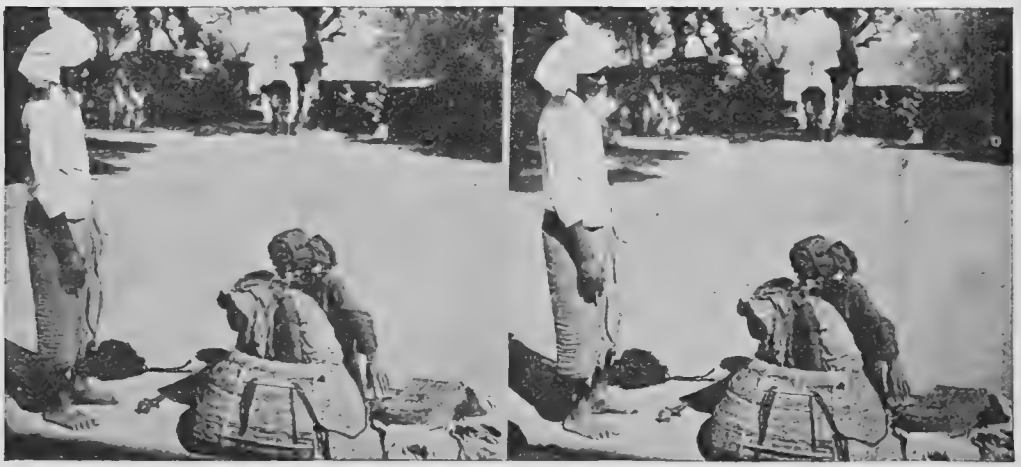
The Indian juggler's basket trick (1).

The Indian juggler's basket trick (2).



The Indian juggler's basket trick (3)

To be cut out and looked at through a Stereoscope, which can be supplied from the office of the ROYAL MAGAZINE, *18, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., at* 2s., *post free.*

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By Hamilton Rae.

"You'll do this much for me, Jack?"

"More precisely—what?"

"Interview the mother on my behalf, and sound her as to my chances."

"In short, break the ice for you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll do my best," I replied, somewhat dubiously, "though I fear I shall prove but a poor advocate."

"Oh! you will manage it all right. I wouldn't have asked you, only I really dare not tackle her myself; I am such an utter fool where women are concerned. Perhaps you have noticed it?"

"I have," I candidly admitted, a reply that had the effect of arousing my chum from his fit of despair and of plunging him into a burst of good-natured laughter.

Feeling utterly unequal to joining in his merriment, I hurriedly escaped from the saloon and made my way on deck. As I looked round in search of Mrs. Codrington, I could not help wondering whether any fellow had ever found himself in such a predicament before. Here was I head over ears in love with Miss Mabel Codrington, and yet about to urge upon her mother not my own suit for that young lady's hand, but that of my friend, Dick Cairns.

But "Why?" you ask.

Well, thereby hangs a tale, a very short epitome of which must serve here. On leaving Oxford—with a poor degree, but possessed of some little capital—I decided to try my fortune upon the Stock Exchange. There, however, I proved a total failure, partly through ill-luck, partly, no doubt, because I lacked the peculiar qualifications essential to success on 'Change. I do not care to dwell upon the time that followed; suffice it to say that I had reached the lowest depths of misery and despair when Dick Cairns veritably picked me out of the gutter.

We had been chums at college, but since then he had been travelling abroad, and we had lost sight of each other. Of what he did for me, and more especially of the way in which he did it, I cannot trust myself to speak even now. He not only made a man of me again, morally and financially, but, seeing that I was broken in health as well as in pocket, he finished up by inventing—I have not the least doubt of it, deliberately inventing—a tour to Australia; said he had intended to go for some time, but had been prevented by the difficulty of finding a suitable companion. Would I join him? I was the very man he wanted, and if I would try to put up with him, he would be only too glad to pay expenses in return for my forbearance.

I suppose my recent experience had knocked all the pride out of me, but at any rate I gladly accepted his offer. I was feeling wretchedly weak and ill, too, and longed for a complete change. And then, as he said, he could well afford it; on the death of his father, a short time before, he had come into the possession of nearly a million of money.

We landed at Adelaide, went on to

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Melbourne and Sydney, then crossed to New Zealand, and finally, after six months' knocking about, sailed from Sydney on the return voyage.

Amongst the additions to our passenger list at Colombo were a certain Mrs. Codrington and her daughter. The former, we soon learnt, was the widow of a colonel, who had been killed on the Indian frontier some eighteen months before. She was an extremely handsome woman of about forty years of age, tall, dark, and very stately in manner, yet full of life and fun. The daughter, Mabel, had inherited her mother's beauty to an even greater degree, but, unlike her, was *petite* and somewhat reserved.

Within forty-eight hours the two women had carried all the male hearts of our community by storm, the mother taking by far the larger share of the spoils. For a time I wavered between the two, uncertain which to admire most. Like many others, I found myself in that parlous state of indecision when a man becomes a kind of magnified butterfly, fluttering uncertainly from flower to flower. But the current of my desire must soon, though at first imperceptibly, have begun to set towards the younger woman, for before we reached Suez I had awakened to the fact that I was hopelessly in love with Mabel.

I fancy that Dick was the cause of the said awakening.

"Jack, old fellow," he remarked very solemnly one evening, as we sat smoking together, "either I am going to be seriously ill, or—I am in love."

"What are the symptoms?" I asked. "Quick pulse—at times? Varying temperament, sometimes ecstatic, sometimes melancholic? Difficulty in concentrating the thoughts?"

"By George! you've hit 'em right off. What is it?"

"Heart trouble, my boy," I replied gravely, "due to a slight attack of fever Codringtoniensis, I should say. You'll get over it in a week or two."

"Don't think I shall," he said, so gloomily that I could not refrain from laughing—"it's chronic."

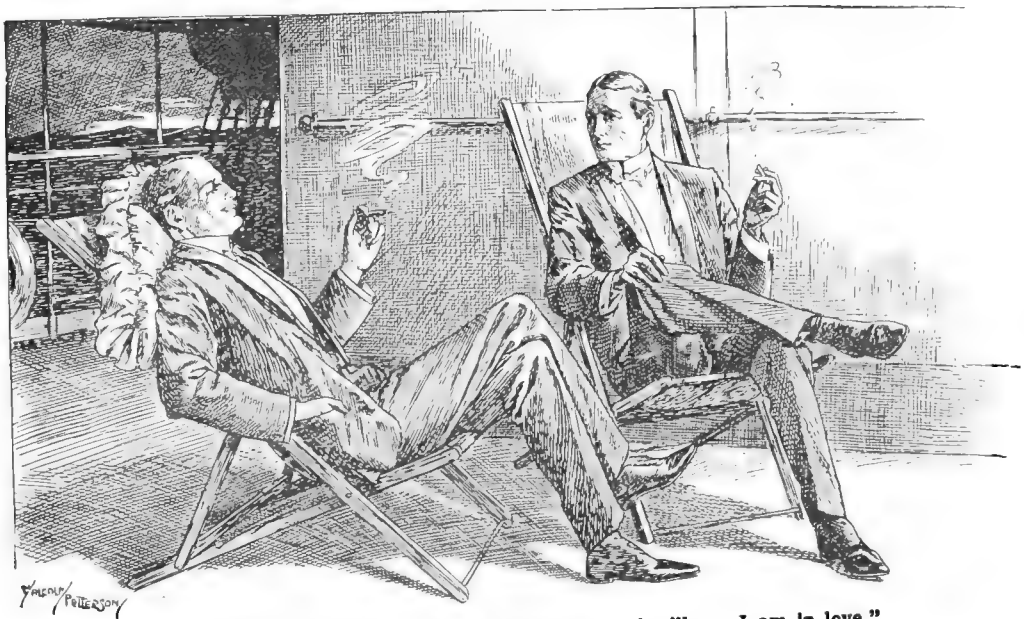
"Then you had better treat it homœopathically," I rejoined. "Cure like with like, you know. Secure the source of the infection and administer yourself a dose whenever the pain becomes troublesome. And by-the-bye, which *is* the source—mother or daughter?"

"Daughter," he replied, still dejectedly, "though, at first, I was somewhat uncertain about it."

"Well," I said, "you had better interview Mrs. Codrington at once, by way of opening negotiations."

"Is that essential?" he asked, with ludicrous anxiety.

"Absolutely."



"Jack, old fellow, either I am going seriously to be ill, or—I am in love."

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"Then I'm doomed," he groaned; "I could never summon up sufficient nerve to encounter Mrs. C. Why, man, she'd simply turn and rend me."

"Nonsense!" I rejoined. "Millionaires are not to be picked up every day. As a prospective son-in-law, you would be welcomed with effusion."

He shook his head.

"Not by Mrs. Codrington," he said; "mere money does not count with women of her stamp. She knows, as everybody knows, that the old man made his pile in soap, and, unfortunately, it is altogether too commonplace a method of acquiring riches to agree with her romantic disposition. If it had been bogus-company-promoting, now, or even chocolate, I might have stood a chance, but soap would disqualify me at once. George! cannot you imagine her aristocratic lips trying to pronounce the word?"

"You are simply conjuring up imaginary difficulties," I remarked. "She would receive you with open arms. You are already high in her favour, if I am any judge."

"Do you think so?" he asked.

"Certain," I replied. "Pull yourself together and plunge in like a man."

"I daren't," he responded dismally, "I daren't, really. I might manage the girl, but I could never face the mother. I should only make a perfect ass of myself. Her lips would curl, and those eyes of hers—she has lovely eyes, hasn't she?—would give me a cold, supercilious stare, and I should be done."

"Umph!" I said. "Are you quite sure that it is the daughter? Seems to me more like the mother—lovely eyes, aristocratic lips, and all that sort of thing."

"No," he replied doggedly, "it's the girl right enough. It would be flying in the face of one of my most cherished principles to marry a woman ten years older than myself—and a widow, too! I should lose my self-respect for ever. No; it is certainly Mabel."

And by some strange, though very ordinary law of human nature, this confession of Dick's had opened my eyes to the truth in regard to myself. How often we only begin to value a thing when we find ourselves in danger of losing it! So now, it was the recognition of its hopelessness that brought me face to face with my love for Mabel Codrington.

For, of course, it *was* hopeless. Ordinary gratitude alone made it that, apart from all considerations of friendship and expediency. After what Dick had told me it was manifestly impossible for me to assume the *rôle* of a suitor for Mabel's hand.

But if she refused him? I shook my head at the thought. A millionaire, and a right-down good fellow to boot—it was not likely! And even though this very unlikely consummation should come to pass, I knew that I could never attempt to win where he had failed. No, the inevitable must be faced—by all the ties of friendship and honour my love was hopeless.

Under the circumstances, then, it is scarcely to be wondered at that when, a few days later, he asked me point-blank to undertake the task of approaching Mrs. Codrington on his behalf, I assented very dubiously, and only after considerable hesitation. Now, too, perhaps, it will be understood how it came about that I accepted the commission at all.

I found Mrs. Codrington seated just abaft the saloon, and for a wonder, alone. She welcomed me with a smile—Dick was right, she *had* lovely eyes.

"Are you quite forsaken?" I asked.

"Quite," she replied with a little laugh, "for quoits or some other equally intellectual and soul-satisfying pursuit. Listen!"

A burst of shouts and laughter away for'ard showed that our fellow passengers were taking advantage of the cool evening air to indulge in some light form of recreation.

"It is one of the penalties of popularity," she continued. "The fickle multitude sets you on a slippery pedestal, admires you for a time, and then, growing tired, departs, and down you come."

"You don't seem much worse for the fall," I retorted, laughing, "and at any rate it is very thoughtful of them—to go away, I mean."

"Why?" she asked.

"It makes room for other—worshippers."

She smilingly shook her head at me.

"I fear *you* don't come under that category, Mr. Francis. Mr. Cairns and yourself have scarcely deigned to notice poor me for the last three or four days; you seem to have been wrapped up in a reciprocal worship of each other. I wonder that you have been able to tear yourself away from him now." I rather wondered at it, too, though I did not say so. "Even now you do not seem to have been in a particularly violent hurry to take advantage of what you are pleased to term the 'thoughtfulness' of others; I have been sitting alone here for half an hour."

"I am very sorry," I muttered.

"The apology does not serve you, sir; it is too ambiguous. But I will be merciful; you are forgiven. At least, you *have* come, and that is something. As for Mr. Cairns,

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he is excommunicated; he has not even had the grace to put in an appearance."

I found myself wondering at the frequency with which she managed to introduce "Mr. Cairns" into the conversation.

"He—is detained," I said, "but he has commissioned me to make his excuses, and to apologise on his behalf."

"And pray, what excuse has he to offer?"

Here was my opening.

"That is what I came to tell you, Mrs. Codrington," I said, speaking seriously. "Dick is in love."

She raised her eyebrows; I thought she started slightly.

"But surely—he did not commission you to tell me *that*."

"He did," I replied emphatically.

"But why *me*?" she asked.

"Well—you are an interested personage, you see."

A slight flush mantled to her cheeks.

"And why you?" she asked hastily, as if to cover her confusion.

"Because he dare not come himself," I blurted out.

There was just the slightest contraction of her brows, then she burst into a merry laugh.

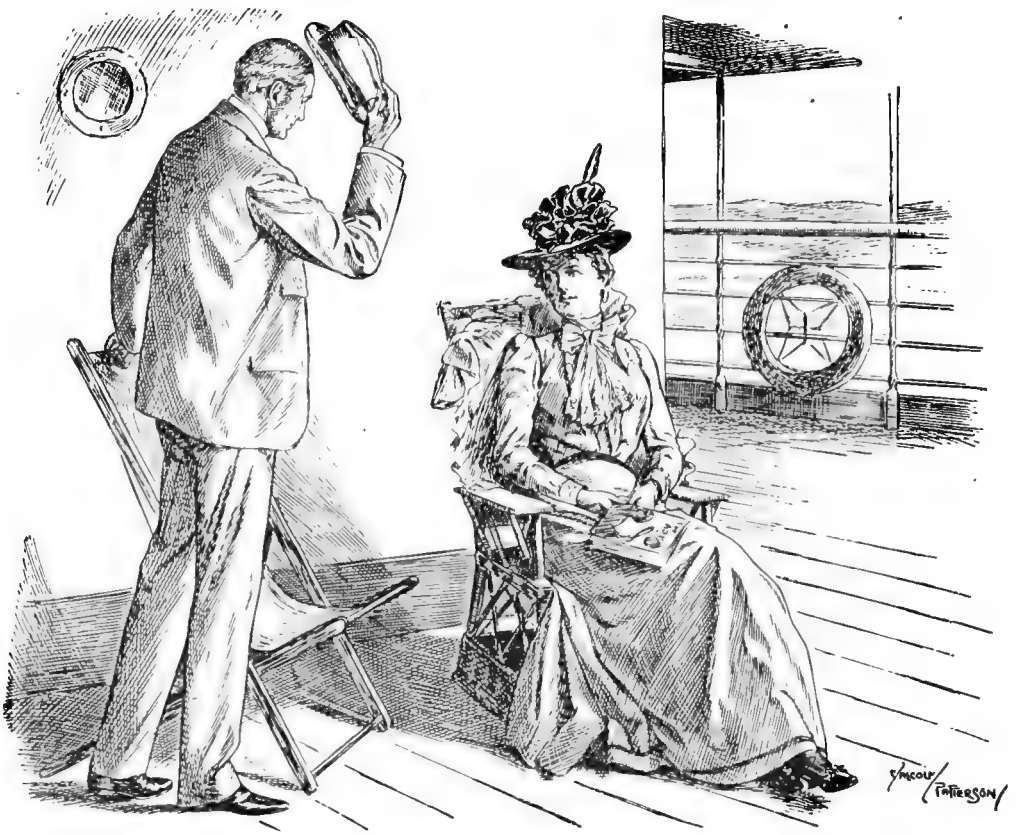
"Dear me!" she exclaimed, "I had no idea I was so formidable. This is quite a revelation. I wonder that you dared to undertake the task, Mr. Francis. It doesn't seem right that it should be shouldered off on you, though. Don't you think that Mr. Cairns ought to come and make his own excuses?"

She shot me a roguish glance from under the brim of her hat.

"By Jove!" I said, springing to my feet, "that is just what I have been telling him for the past week or so, only he wouldn't listen to me. But if I may tell him that *you* say so, and that you will treat him mercifully, I think he will come. May I?"

She hesitated for a moment.

"Well—yes, you may," she answered, "and—if he seems to be very diffident—you might tell him—from yourself, you know—



"Are you quite forsaken?" I asked.

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that the oracle seems to be propitiously inclined to-day."

The laughing eyes flashed me another merry glance, and, though they fell at once, I thought I had caught a new light in them, a light that set me thinking, and finally pulled me up outside the saloon door. What did it mean? Good Heavens! Was she herself in love with Dick? It certainly seemed like it. But surely, in that case, she would never have allowed me to guess the fact.

I was still groping in a maze of doubt and perplexity when the door opened, and Dick stepped outside.

"Come in here," he said, dragging me into our cabin. "Now, what is the verdict?"

"Not given yet," I replied. "You are in too much of a hurry, old man. The judge has still to sum up, but so far the case is entirely in your favour."

"She?"

"Which she? There's two of them, and it is just as well to be explicit in an affair of this kind."

"Mrs Codrington, of course," he retorted irritably.

"Has not the slightest objection, apparently; just as I expected. I was to inform you that the oracle is inclined to be both merciful and propitious; and that she is waiting to be consulted *in propria persona*."

"Which she?" he asked, with a comical grimace.

"Mrs. Codrington, of course," I replied, echoing his own words and tone.

"Oh, hang it!" he exclaimed. "I was hoping that you might have settled her for good and all, and that I should have had only Mabel to deal with."

"But, man, the mother is entirely in your favour."

"That's just the worst of it," he said gloomily.

"The worst of it!" I exclaimed. "I should have thought it would have been the 'best of it.' What on earth *do* you want? First you say you are afraid of the mother; then, when I tell you she is altogether in your favour, you say that that only makes the matter worse. I am beginning to think that it is not so much Mrs. Codrington you fear, as yourself. I really believe you are afraid that you may fall a victim to the mother's charms before you can reach the daughter."

Dick looked at me deprecatingly.

"I'm such an utter idiot at this sort of thing," he said apologetically.

"So you have remarked before," I reminded him.

"And—she is a jolly fine woman, there's no mistake about that—and—I've sometimes thought that she—well, she has always been awfully nice to me, don't you know."

I could have laughed outright, were it not that his words had set in motion a train of thought that effectually steadied me. Surely here was confirmation of my suspicions. If Dick, the dullard in such matters, had noticed Mrs. Codrington's predilection for himself there could be little doubt about it. But once more came the puzzling question: why then had she allowed me to perceive the fact? Why had she been so essentially unwomanlike as to permit herself to betray it to me by the slightest word or look? Suddenly a tiny doubt crept into my mind, "Had I made my errand quite clear to her?" It was altogether too unpleasant a thought to be entertained, and I hastily brushed it aside.

"And what about Mabel?" Dick was asking. "Is there any obstacle—any other fellow?"

"Mabel!" I gasped. "Mabel!"

In an instant the tiny doubt had changed to absolute certainty, the dwarf had become a giant that held me speechless and powerless in his strong grasp. My very blood seemed to run cold.

"Yes, Mabel," repeated Dick impatiently. "What is the matter with you?"

"By Jove!" I stammered, finding my voice at last, "I believe that I—I—have made a mess of it. I don't think—I mentioned Mabel's name at all. I took it for granted that she would understand. I must go back at once and put it straight."

I jumped to my feet, but Dick laid his hand on my arm.

"Steady, old man," he said; "it's no use getting excited about it. You worked it all right, I expect. And even if she did not quite understand, it would never do for you to go back now; it would only make matters fifty times worse. I'll go and interview her myself. Don't worry, it is sure to be all right."

For the next half-hour I paced up and down the cabin in an agony of remorse and self-reproach, for I was now perfectly certain that I had bungled the whole thing, and that she had misunderstood me.

At length Dick returned. I dared not ask him the result; I could only stare at him mutely. I suppose he must have seen the distress in my face, for he came across and laid his hand on my shoulder.

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"We've settled it, old man," he said, in his solemn way.

"We've settled it, old man," he said, in his solemn way.

"Then it was all right, after all?"

"Yes; it was all right."

"By Jove!" I exclaimed, "I *am* glad, old fellow. I should have been fit to shoot myself if things had gone wrong through my stupidity. Have you seen Mabel?" I managed to ask the question, though my lips would scarcely frame the words.

"No," he replied in a peculiar tone.

I glanced at him.

"But you will do so at once?" I said.

He smiled grimly.

"Don't know that I shall," he replied, a pause between each word. "It is not customary to ask the daughter's consent when one intends to marry the mother, is it?"

I stared at him in amazement.

"But surely—?" I began.

He pulled me on to the locker beside him.

"Keep cool, and I'll tell you all about it," he said. "I went on deck, as you know, fully intending to put the matter straight to her, and to ask her right off for Mabel's hand. But her very first look floored me. It was one of those half-shy, half-confiding — oh, hang it! you know what I mean. Anyhow it completely bowled me over. I don't know much about women, but I was able to read that look, and it told me at once that you had switched her on the wrong track. Now don't swear; it is just as well, perhaps.

"I had not the heart to blurt out the truth right off, so I sat down beside her intending to wait for a favourable opportunity. First she scolded me for my remissness—by George, old fellow, I never knew that it was possible to enjoy a scolding before—then she began to rally me on my silence, said that I was not half so eloquent as my ambassador, but that, no doubt, I was too much ashamed of myself to speak, and so on.

"And all the while, there she sat, looking as sweet as an angel and as demure as any girl of seventeen, now and then glancing up with those eyes of hers; and there's no mistake about it, she *has* glorious eyes—I've never seen any to equal them; and there was I, watching the colour coming and going in her cheeks, and listening to her voice — ever noticed how musical her voice is?—unable to say a single word for myself, and wholly forgetful of the errand on which I had come. And when at length it did occur to me, I did not particularly want to be reminded of it, and banished the thought at once.

"Then the dear little soul gave me a helping hand, and before I knew where I was I had proposed to her. And, by Jove! the funniest thing about it is that I don't regret it. She dropped a hint, too, that Mabel's affections are engaged elsewhere"—I felt as if I had been dealt a heavy blow—"so that I should have stood no chance in that direction. And no other woman would have looked at me."

I was too vexed with myself to find any amusement in this strange *dénouement*.

"I'm awfully sorry," I began, but he stopped me immediately.

"Then it is more than I am," he said; "so you need not reproach yourself."

I looked at him searchingly, but there was nothing in his appearance to belie his words;

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in fact, it was quite the other way about: he positively beamed with happiness.

"What about that most cherished principle?" I asked quizzically.

"Oh, hang the principle!" he retorted. "A woman like Mrs. Codrington is quite outside mere dogmatic rules and principles."

"Strikes me it is very fortunate I made that mistake," I remarked. "I believe you have been in love with her all along."

"Perhaps you are right," he said gravely.

A few days later we dropped anchor in Valetta harbour. It was a glorious morning, and immediately after breakfast I made my way on deck and was soon lost in the beauty of the scene around me. Merry, sparkling wavelets, fleeing hurriedly before the frolicsome breeze, laughed and danced their way over the surface of the water. Overhead not a single cloud broke the deep blue of the heavens. Already the harbour was alive with small craft of every description, whilst further away towards the harbour mouth a couple of feluccas were beating out to sea, their lateen sails bellying to the wind. On every hand frowned bastion and rampart, fort and battlement—the outward symbol and expression of Britain's determination to hold that which she has gained.

I moved over to the rail, and was watching the clever manœuvring of the swarm of small boats at our side when Dick came up and asked if I was going ashore.

"No; I think not," I replied.

"I am going to show Mrs. Codrington and Mabel round," he said; "you had better come and stretch your legs."

"I would rather stay on board," I replied, somewhat weakly.

"Look here, old man," he expostulated, "what is the matter with you? For the last three or four days you have been moping like a bear with the toothache—ever since you made that lucky mistake, in fact. You're not worrying about that, are you?"

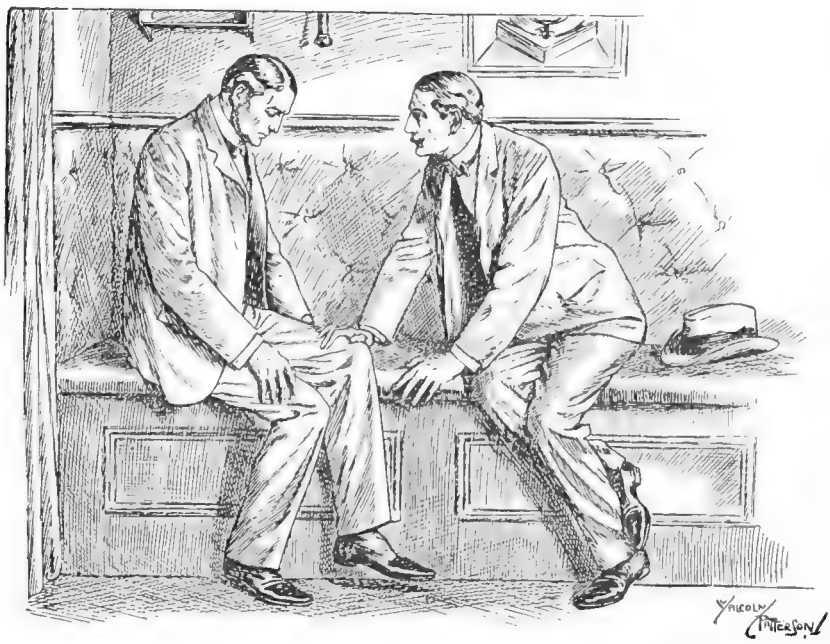
"Certainly not," I replied, smiling. "If anything, I rather congratulate myself on it."

"Then what is it?" He paused and glanced at me anxiously. "By Jove!—I say, old man—I didn't cut you out with Mrs. C., did I?"

My hearty laughter quickly reassured him on that point.

"Do you think I should have bungled your message in that case?" I asked.

"No, I suppose not," he replied grimly; "but there is something wrong, I am perfectly certain of it. My own belief is that you are in love. You've got all the symptoms of it; and I ought to know them by now. The only question is—with whom?"



"I'm awfully sorry," I began; but he stopped me immediately.

He was silent for a moment; then suddenly turned on me.

"Is it Mabel?" he asked.

I need not say that his query, coming as it did, completely floored me. I stammered out an indignant denial, but he only shook his fist at me.

"Don't tell lies, Jack, or you'll go to an even warmer place than Aden. I've guessed it for some time.

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Would you like me to interview the mother for you?"

"No, certainly not," I snapped.

"Oh! very well. I'll do my best," and with this somewhat ambiguous reply he went off smiling.

I watched them depart in the boat, and then went down to write some letters. But somehow neither words nor ideas would come, and at last I threw down the pen in disgust. Dick was right; I was desperately love-sick—sick with the hopelessness of it all. For I had fully recognised at once that the unexpected issue of his love affair made mine none the less impossible. How could a poor beggar like myself ask any woman to throw in her lot with mine? And so I had deliberately set to work to keep out of Mabel's way—a task which had also involved avoiding both her mother and Dick.

It was getting late when the trio returned. Dick sought me out at once, and dragged me off to our berth. The smile on his face convinced me that something was coming, and I felt my heart beat quicker, and knew that the colour had left my face; for that smile of his could betoken only one thing: that the news he had in store for me was not calculated to injure my feelings or send my spirits to a lower depth than they had been for some time past, and especially that afternoon.

"I am afraid I've made an awful mess of it, old man," he said with attempted seriousness. "Let me see"—reflectively—"you told me that I was not to say anything to the mother, I believe. I am very sorry, but somehow I got your instructions mixed up, and—well, I *did* broach the subject to her. Now don't get angry; I am not the only one who has made a mistake of that sort. And, after all, one good turn deserves another. Anyhow, I was to inform you that there is every reason to suppose that the oracle is propitiously inclined, and that it may be consulted at once; in fact, it is rumoured that the said oracle has been waiting to be consulted for some time past, only you needn't give the fact away."

"Don't tell lies, Jack, or you'll go to a warmer place than Aden."

Once more I wrung his hand in silence.

"No mistakes this time," he said, "it's the daughter, mind, and don't you forget it." I did not—and the dear little oracle said "Yes."

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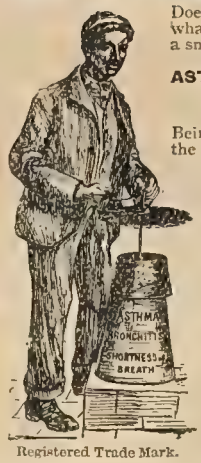

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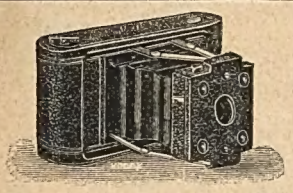

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